



John Morice.

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СЯИНСЯН

Bell's Edition

OR

S H A K S P E R E.

ЗАЧЕРКАНЬ

THE

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

OF

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

S A M. JOHNSON and G E O. STEEVENS.

Volume the Third.

CONTAINING

TEMPEST.

TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

DRAMATICAL MASTERS

WILL SHAKSPEARE

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Bell's Edition.

TEMPEST.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

*Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,
And revised from the last Editions.*

Passages omitted in Representation, are distinguished by inverted Commas thus “ ”

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

*Printed for, and under the direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND.*

M DCC LXXXV.

WILL. SHAKESPEARE: THE MERCHANT OF VENEZIA.

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and I am glad to do it for him & I am not
at all sorry to do it. I hope this letter will
put an end to all the trouble again. In regards to the
new business you have, I think it is a good
one and I am sure that every man who has
any business of that sort will be satisfied
with you. I hope you will be successful
in your new business. I am sending you
a copy of my new book "The Gentleman's
Handbook" which I think you will like
it. I hope you will be successful in your new
business. I am sending you a copy of my new
book "The Gentleman's Handbook" which I think you will like it.

（四）新舊制度之對比

卷之三

Chloroform and ether vapors
cause epithelial cells to
divide.

1752 6-26-19

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FABLE AND COMPOSITION OF *The TEMPEST.*

THE *Tempest* and *The Midsummer's Night's Dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakspere, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense: or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Castle*.

WARBURTON.

No one has been hitherto lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakspere may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he says: "If there be never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." STEEVENS.

It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this, the author of the *Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakspere's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he hath made it instrumental to the pro-

duction of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. Here is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTHONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

“ADRIAN, } *Lords.*

FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Fester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

“Master of a Ship,” *Boatswain, “and Mariners.”*

WOMEN.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,

CERES,

“JUNO,

“Nymphs,

“Reapers,

} *Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards, an uninhabited Island.*



TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard. Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Boatswain,— *and the master may be here. Hence*
Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good: speak to the mariners:—fall to't
yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Exit.

Enter. Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my
hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to
the master's whistle;—Blow, till thou burst thy wind,
if room enough!

**Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, FERDI-
NAND, GONZALO, and others.**

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the
master? Play the men.

A iij

Boats.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin; silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. —Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our eable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yart, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! “they are louder than the weather, or our office.” [Exit.]

Re-enter

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, and GONZALO.

" Yet again ? What do you here ? Shall we give
" o'er and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ? " 40

Seb. A pox o' your throat ! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog !

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang ! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker ! we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning ; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold ; set her two courses ; off to sea again, lay her off. 51

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost !

[Exeunt.

" Boats. What, must our mouths be cold ?

" Gon. The king and prince at prayers ! let us assist them,

" For our case is as theirs.

" Seb. I am out of patience.

" Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. —

" This wide-chopp'd rascal ; — Would thou might'st
drown thyself drowning, — Poor I need you not, —

" The washing of ten tides toog. To bog you need I bali

" Gon. He'll be hang'd yet ; —

" Though

“ Though every drop of water swear against it,

“ And gape at wid’st to glut him.

“ [A confused noise within] Mercy on us!—

“ We split, we split!—Farewel, my wife and chil-

“ dren!—Farewel, brother!—We split, we split,
we split—

“ Ant. Let’s all sink with the king,

[Exit.]

“ Seb. Let’s take leave of him.

[Exit.]

“ Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea

“ for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown

“ furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I

“ would fain die a dry death! ”

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The enchanted Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin’s cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer’d
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash’d all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish’d.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

It

Act I.

TEMPEST.

Scene I.



Ramberg, Sharpe & Grignion fec.

MISS PHILLIPS in MIRANDA.

..... O! the cry did knock
against my very heart. Poor souls! they perish'd.

Printed for John Bell British Library, Strand Jan^u 1785.

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected ;
No more amazement : tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day !

Pro. No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter !) who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time, I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So ; [Lays down his mantle. Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there is no soul— No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink:

Sit down ;
For thou must now know further.

Mira.

Mira. You have often 110
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

Pro. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou canst ; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can. 120
Pro. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off, 130
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me ?
Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda : But how
is it, 140
That this lives in thy mind ? What see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abysm of time ?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here ;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since, 150
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pro.

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; thou his only heir
And princess, no worse issu'd,

Mira. O the heavens! What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you fur-
ther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

“ Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
“ How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
“ To

“ To trash for over-topping ; new created
“ The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang’d ‘em,
“ Or else new form’d ‘em : having both the key
“ Of officer and office, set all hearts i’ the state 170
“ To what tune pleas’d his ear ; that now he was
“ The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
“ And suck’d my verdure out on’t : ” — Thou attend’st
not.

“ *Mira.* O good sir, I do.

“ *Pro.* I pray thee, mark me.
“ I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
“ To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
“ With that, which, but by being so retir’d,
“ O’er priz’d all popular rate, in my false brother
“ Awak’d an evil nature : and my trust, 180
“ Like a good parent, did beget of him
“ A falsehood, in its contrary as great
“ As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
“ A confidence sans bound.” He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke ; out of the substitution,

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
me,

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother;
"Good wombs have borne bad sons."

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,

And executing the outward face of royalty, 191
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition grew-
ing,—

Dost thou hear? wot before thy eyes against
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. well
et. " Pro.

14

TEMPEST.

ACT.

Mira. Alack, for pity it chance on evill oT
I, not remembering how I cry'd out then, will haA
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint, ^{and} a little answere
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further, ^{and} wot on evill oT
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not ^{and} evill oT
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench; ^{and} evill oT
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but ^{and} evill oT
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark; ^{and} evill oT
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd, ^{and} evill oT
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats ^{and} evill oT
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh ^{and} evill oT
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, ^{and} evill oT
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim ^{and} evill oT
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven, ^{and} evill oT
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt; ^{and} evill oT
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me ^{and} evill oT

Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

B

Mira.

Act I.

TEMPEST:

45

An undergoing stomach to bear up ob diuine you had
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore? did you know I was ill

Pro. By Providence divine. Some food we had, and some fresh water, that non f
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, A I. Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries, A
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that A
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:— Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. A
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here 270
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours; and tutors not so careful. b

Mira. Heavens thank you for't!—And now, I pray
you, sir, (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth. By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies 280
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find

Bij

I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star ; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions ;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way :—I know, thou canst not choose.—
 [MIRANDA sleeps.]
 Come away, servant, come : I am ready now ;
 Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I
 come
 To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding, task
 Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee ?

Ari. To every article.
 I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
 Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement : Sometimes, I'd divide,
 And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,
 The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet, and join : Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
 And sight-out-running were not ; the fire, and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
 Seem'd

Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit ! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd Some tricks of desperation : All, but mariners, Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel, Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand, With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair) Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, *Hell is empty,* And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit ! But was not this nigh shore

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd ; On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me, In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle : The king's son have I landed by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs, In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship, The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd, And all the rest o' the fleet ?

Ari. Safely in harbour Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once

AT B i i j Thou

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid :
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
 Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet, 341
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again ;
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
 Bound sadly home for Naples ;
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
 And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :
 What is the time o' the day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses : The time 'twixt six and
 now,

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me
 pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now ? moody ?
 What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out & no more.

Ari. I pray thee : 360
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistaking, serv'd
 Without or grudge, or grumblings : thou didst
 promise,

181 P. 111

To

To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

" Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread
the ooze
" Of the salt deep;
" To run upon the sharp wind of the north; 370
" To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
" When it is bak'd with frost.

" Ari. I do not, sir."

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak;
tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must, 380
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir,

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child, 390
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And,

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers,
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years ; within which space she died,
 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy
 groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike : Then was this island,
 (Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp, hag-born), not honour'd with
 A human shape.

Ari. Yes ; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in : thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
 Could not again undo ; it was mine art,
 When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape o't
 The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till d'ye d'ye
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master : I will be correspondent to command,

And

And do my spiriting gently. 420

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master! 425
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence. 430

Ari. [Exit ARIEL.] 435
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;

Awake! 530

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me. 440

Pro. Shake it off: come on; 445
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir, 450
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis, 455
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. 460 What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within. 465
Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
thee: 470 Come, thou tortoise! when?

Ari. [Enter ARIEL like a Water-Nymph.] 475
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd With raven's feather from unwholesome fen, Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye, And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,

Side-strokes that shall pen thy breath up; urchins Shall, for that vast of night that they may work, All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first, Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st

give me Water with berries in't; and teach me how To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee, And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle, The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;

Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee, Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child. 480

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—Wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave; Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing more brutish, I endow'd thy purposes 490
With words that made them known: "But thy vile
race,

" Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

" Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
" Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
" Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison."

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wer't best, 500
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice? If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps; Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar, That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, I pray thee! — I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside. It would controul my dam's god Setebos, And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban. 510

Enter FERDINAND at the remotest part of the stage, and ARIEL invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands; Cour'sied when you have, and kiss'd, Foot it feately here and there; And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, bowgh, or shids dispersedly.

The watch-dogs bark;

Bur. Bowgh, bowgh! I hear a noise.

Hark, hark! I hear a noise.

The strain of strutting chanticled world.

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer.

Fer. Where should this musick be? 't the air, or
the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it, 530
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's Song:

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

[Burden, ding-dong.]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father:—

541

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me:

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench ; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses ;

As we have, such : This gallant, which thou see'st, Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stain'd With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call

him A goodly person ; he hath lost his fellows, And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him A thing divine ; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble :

Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.] As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess On whom these airs attend !—Vouchsafe, my prayer May know, if you remain upon this island ; And that you will some good instruction give, How I may bear me here : My prime request, Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder ! If you be maid, or no ?

Mira. No wonder, sir ; But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heavens !— I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How ! the best ? What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee ?

Fer.

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me,
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy! 580

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan, And his brave son, being twain. [Aside.]

Pro. The duke of Milan, And his more braver daughter, could controul thee, If now 'twere fit to do't: — At the first sight, [Aside to ARIEL.] They have chang'd eyes: — "Delicate Ariel,

"I'll set thee free for this." — A word, good sir; I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word —

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first, That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin, And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir, one word more. — [Aside.] They are both in either's powers; but this swift busi-
ness, I must uneasy make, lest too light winning. [Aside.] Make the prize light. — One word more; I charge thee, That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp

600 Cij The

The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple :
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [To *Ferd.*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together : 610
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled : Follow.

Fer. No ; I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power. [He draws.

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say, 620
My foot my tutor ?—Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father !

Pro. Hence ; hang not on my garments.

Mira.

Mira. Sir, have pity ; I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence : one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban ; Foolish wench !
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on ; obey : [To FERDINAND] 640
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are : My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough 650
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works : — Come on. — [To ARIEL.] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ! —

Follow me. — Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort ; My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free 660
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow : Speak not for him. [Exeunt.

Act II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Island. Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN,
ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO,
and others.

Gonzalo.

B E S E E C H you, sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. 10

“ Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

“ Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

“ Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
“ by and by it will strike.

“ Gon. Sir, — 110

“ Seb.

" *Seb.* One:—Tell.

" *Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,

" Comes to the entertainer—

" *Seb.* A dollar.

" *Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

" *Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

" Therefore, my lord,—

" *Ant.* Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

" *Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.

" *Gon.* Well, I have done: But yet—

" *Seb.* He will be talking.

" *Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

" *Seb.* The old cock.

" *Ant.* The cockrel.

" *Seb.* Done: the wager?

" *Ant.* A laughter.

" *Seb.* A match.

" *Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

" *Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!

" *Ant.* So, you've pay'd.

" *Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

" *Seb.* Yet,

" *Adr.* Yet—

" *Ant.* He could not miss't.

" *Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

" *Ant.*

" Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

" Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly de-
" liver'd.

" Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly.

" Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

" Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

" Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

" Ant. True; save means to live.

" Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

" Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how
" green?

" Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny,

" Seb. With an eye of green in't,

" Ant. He misses not much.

" Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

" Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, al-
most beyond credit)—

" Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

" Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
" drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their

" freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than
" stain'd with salt water.

" Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
" would it not say, he lies?

" Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage
of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of
Tunis.

" Seb.

“ *Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well
“ in our return.

“ *Adr.* Tunis was never grac'd before with such a
“ paragon to their queen.

“ *Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

“ *Ant.* Widow? a pox o' that! How came that
“ widow in? Widow Dido!

“ *Seb.* What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too?
“ good lord, how you take it!

“ *Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me
“ study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

“ *Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

“ *Adr.* Carthage?

“ *Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

“ *Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

“ *Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

“ *Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy
“ next?

“ *Seb.* I think, he will carry this island home in his
“ pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

“ *Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
“ bring forth more islands.

“ *Gon.* Ay.

“ *Ant.* Why, in good time.

“ *Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem
“ now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the
“ marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

“ *Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

“ *Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

“ *Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

“ *Gon.*

“ *Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

“ *Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

“ *Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?”

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense: ‘Would I had never Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost;’ ‘and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!’

Fran. Sir, he may live; I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; ‘he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him:’ his bold head Bove the contentious waves he kept, and ear'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke. To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone. *Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss; That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other-
wise

By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost your
son,

I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them ; the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

140

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

“ Seb. Very well.

“ Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

“ Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

“ When you are cloudy.

“ Seb. Foul weather ?

“ Ant. Very foul.”

150

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,—

“ Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

“ Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

“ Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do ?

“ Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

“ Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries

“ Execute all things : for no kind of traffick.

“ Would I admit : no name of magistrate ;

“ Letters

“ Letters shold not be known ; riches, poverty,
 “ And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
 “ Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none : 161
 “ No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :
 “ No occupation ; all men idle, all,
 “ And women too, but innocent and pure :
 “ No sovereignty.

“ *Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

“ *Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
 “ the beginning.

“ *Gon.* All things in common nature should produce
 “ Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony, 170
 “ Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 “ Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
 “ Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance
 “ To feed my innocent people.

“ *Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

“ *Ant.* None, man : all idle ; whores, and knaves.

“ *Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age.

“ *Seb.* 'Save his majesty !

“ *Ant.* Long live Gonzalo ! 180

“ *Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir ?

“ *Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more ; thou dost talk nothing to
 me.

“ *Gon.* I do well believe your highness ; and did it
 “ to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
 “ such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use
 “ to laugh at nothing.

“ *Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

" Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am
" nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at
" nothing still.

" Ant. What a blow was there given? 191

" Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long. 192

" Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you
" would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
" continue in it five weeks without changing. 193

" Enter ARIEL, playng solemn Musick. 194

" Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling. 195

" Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry. 196

" Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
" discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,
" for I am very heavy? 197

" Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us. 198

[GONZ, ADR. FRA. &c. sleep.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
find
They are inclin'd to do so. 199

Seb. Please you, sir, 200
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, 201
It is a comforter. 202

Ant. We two, my lord, 210
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety. 211

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy— 212

[All sleep but SEB. and ANT.

“ *Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them ?

“ *Ant.* It is the quality o’ the climate.

“ *Seb.* Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink ? I find not
Myself dispos’d to sleep.

“ *Ant.* Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent ;
They dropp’d, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might ?—No more :—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should st be : the occasion speaks thee ;
and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

“ *Seb.* What, art thou waking ?

“ *Ant.* Do you not hear me speak ?

“ *Seb.* I do ; and, surely,

“ It is a sleepy language ; and thou speak’st

“ Out of thy sleep : What is it thou didst say ?

“ This is a strange repose, to be asleep

“ With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving ;

“ And yet so fast asleep.”

“ *Ant.* Noble Sebastian,

Thou let’st thy fortune sleep, “ die rather ; wink’st

“ Whiles thou art waking.

“ *Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;

“ There’s meaning in thy snores.

“ *Ant.* I am more serious than my custom : you

“ Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,

“ Trebles thee o’er.

“ *Seb.*

" *Seb.* Well; I am standing water.

" *Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

" *Seb.* Do so: to ebb,

" Hereditary sloth instructs me.

" *Ant.* O,

" If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,

" Whilst thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

" You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

" Most often, do so near the bottom run,

" By their own fear, or sloth."

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

" Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

" (Who shall be of as little memory,

" When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded

" (For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

" Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive,

" 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,

" As he, that sleeps here, swims,

" *Seb.* I have no hope

" That he's undrown'd.

" *Ant.* O, out of that no hope,

" What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is,

" Another way so high an hope, that even

" Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

" But doubts discovery there." Will you grant

wit me,

" As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
" A chough of as deep chat." O, that you bore
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before : My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience —

Ant. Aye, sir ; where lies that ? " if it were a
kybe,

" 'Twould put me to my slipper ; But I feel not
" This deity in my bosom :" twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, e'er they molest. Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of
it,

320

Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for ay might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
" They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk ;"
They'll tell the clock to any business that

We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word, [They converse apart,
Enter ARIEL, with Musick and Song,

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in GONZALO's Ear,
While you here do snoring lie, 349
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware;

Awake! awake!
Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They wake.
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

350

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions ; did it not wake you ?
It strook mine ear most terribly,

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear ;
To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

359

Gon. Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd ; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn :—there was a noise,
That's verity : 'Tis best we stand upon our guard ;
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts !
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

370

" Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done. [Aside,
" So king, go safely on to seek thy son." [Exeunt,

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Island. Enter CALIBAN with a Burden of Wood: *A Noise of Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear
it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond'
huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would
shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did be-
fore,

fore, I know not where to hide my head : yond' same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailfulls.—What have we here ? a man or a fish ? Dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas ! the storm is come again : my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows : I will here shrowd, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO singing, a Bottle in his Hand.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,* *Here shall I dye a-shore,*—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral : Well, here's my comfort, [Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,

The gunner and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate :

For

For she had a tongue with a tang,
You would strok
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort,

It will rub it off, chaffing her side and [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh! ⁴²⁹ living bluow and

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of
Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid
now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As
proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot
make him give ground: and it shall be said so again,
while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four
legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: Where the
devil should he learn our language? I will give him
some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover
him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with
him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on
neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my
wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the
wisest: He shall taste of my bottle: if he never
drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if
I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not
take

take too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat ; open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly ; you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice : It should be, — But he is drown'd ; and these are devils : O ! defend me ! —

Ste. Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : Come — Amen : I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano, —

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano ! — if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo ; — be not afraid, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs ; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed :

How

How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?
can he vent Trinculos ? 481
Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:
— But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? “ I hope
“ now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-
“ blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaber-
“ dine, for fear of the storm: ” And art thou living,
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd !

Ste. Prythee, do not turn me about; my stomach
is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou
hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither.
I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd
over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark
of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast
a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true
subject; for the liquor is not earthly. 500

Ste. Here; swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim
like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou can'st
swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock
by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now,
moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal.

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven? 510

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

“ *Trin.* By this good light this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—“ The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.” 521

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle; And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

“ *Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

“ *Ste.* Come on then; down, and swear.

“ *Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him— 530

“ *Ste.* Come, kiss.

“ *Trin.* —But that the poor monster's in drink; “ An abominable monster!”

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster ; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
543
grow ;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock : Wilt thou go with
me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any
more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our com-
pany being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here ;
bear my bottle ! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by
and by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.] Farewel master ; farewel,
farewel.

Trin. A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ;
Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom,
hey-day, freedom !

Ste. O brave monster ! lead the way. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before PROSPERO's Cell. Enter FERDINAND, bearing
a Log.

Ferdinand

THERE be some sports are painful ; but their labour
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed ;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, 10
Upon a sore injunction : My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such
baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forgot : 18
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, "and PROSPERO at a Distance."

Mira. Alas, now ! pray you,
Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you : My father 20

Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : Pray, give me that ;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, on 'gœ
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

“ *Pro.* Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
“ This visitation shews it.

“ *Mira.*” You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with
me, When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers), What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda :—O my father, I have broke your hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda ! Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth What's dearest to the world ; Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage 50
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 60
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: "But I prattle
"Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
"I therein do forget."

Fox. I am, in my condition, 70
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth:—Hear my soul
speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

79.

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

“ *Pro.* Fair encounter

“ Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace

“ On that which breeds between them !”

90.

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give ; and much less take,

What I shall die to want : But this is trifling ;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow

You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,

100.

Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,

And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom ; here's my hand.

Mira.



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1

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now
farewel, Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand ! [Exeunt.
" Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be, 110
" Who are surpriz'd with all ; but my rejoicing
" At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
" For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
" Much business appertaining, [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Island. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, with a Bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head,

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues,

leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. 130

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster? 143

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 155

Enter

Enter ARIEL invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thauly'st. bib. I. 1. lib. maior. 2d v. 1. 11.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou ;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee :
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will stiplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[To Caliban.] Proceed, and never fail A—oh friend, how good you said

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dare not—) 170

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not. 1188 and 1189

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, ¹⁸⁰
And take his bottle from him ; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not shew him

Where

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger, interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats him. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember, First to possess his books: for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command: They all do hate him, As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;

He hath brave utensils (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter ; he himself
Calls her, a non-pareil : I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she ;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter
and I will be king and queen ; (save our graces !) and
Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys :—Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand ; I am sorry I beat thee ;
but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy
head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep ;
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry : I am full of pleasure ;
Let us be jocund : Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason : Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings. 240
Flout 'em, and shout 'em ; and shout 'em, and flout 'em ;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune, [ARIEL plays the tune on
Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
 picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in thy like-
 ness : if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee :—
 Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou affeard ?

Ste. No, monster, not I ever did soft guard but

Cal. Be not affeard ; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds, methought would open, and shew riches
 Ready to drop upon me ; that when I wak'd,
 I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a braye kingdom to me, where
 I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away : let's follow it,
 And after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow.—I wou'd, I
 could see this taborer : he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to another Part of the Island. Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your pa-
tience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [Aside to Sebastian.] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more,

Solemn and strange Musick ; and Prospero on the Top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet ; they dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutation ; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick !

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were these ?

Seb. A living drollery : Now I will believe, That there are unicorns ; that, in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne ; one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both ; 300 And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 'tis true : Travellers ne'er did lie, Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me ? If I should say, I saw such islanders, (For, certes, these are people of the island) Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note, Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of Our human generation you shall find 210 Many, nay, almost any.

" Pro. Honest lord,
" Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present
" Are worse than devils. [Aside.]

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

“ *Pro.* Praise in departing. *Aside.*”

Fran. They vanish’d strangely. 390

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind ; for we have
stomachs.—

Will’t please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear : “ When we
were boys,

“ Who would believe that there were mountaineers,

“ Dew-lapp’d like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at ‘em

“ Wallets of flesh ; or that there were such men,

“ Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now,
we find,

“ Each putter out on five for one, will bring us

“ Good warrant of.” 331

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, Although my last ; no matter, since I feel
The best is past :—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL “ like a Harpy ;
“ claps his Wings upon the Table, and, with a quaint
“ Device, the Banquet vanishes.”

Arj. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
“ (That hath to instrument this lower world,

“ F i j “ And

“And what is in’t)”—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you ‘mongst men 340
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and the
Ye fools! I and my fellows [rest draw their swords,
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper’d, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock’t-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that’s in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt, 350
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted: But remember,
(For that’s my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos’d unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens’d the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me, 360
Ling’ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart’s sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes "in Thunder: then to soft Musick, enter the
" Shapes again, and dance with Mops and Mewes, and
" carry out the Table.

" Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou
" Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring;
" Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
" In what thou had'st to say: so, with good life, 370
" And observation strange, my meaner ministers
" Their several kinds have done: my high charms
work,

" And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
" In their distractions: they now are in my power;
" And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
" Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd),
" And his and my lov'd darling.

" [Exit PROSPERO from above.]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand
you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous! 380
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt.* 390]

Gon. All three of them are desperate ; their great
guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits :—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

"*Adri.* Follow, I pray you."

[*Exeunt.* 397]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROSPERO's Cell. Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND,
and MIRANDA.

Prosp.:

IF I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; " whom once again
I tender to thy hand ;" all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test ; here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift : O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!—

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows, your last
service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er

O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :
 Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and go.
 And breathe twice ; and cry, *so, so* ;
 Each one, tripping on his toe, 50
 Will be here with mop and moe ;
 Do you love me, master ? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel : Do not approach,
 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.

Pro. Look, thou be true ; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i'the blood : be more abstemious,
 Or else, good night your vow !

Fer. I warrant you, sir ; 60
 The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well, —
 “ Now come, my Ariel ; bring a corollary,
 “ Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and pertly.” —
 No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [Soft musick.

A Masque. “ Enter IRIS.

“ *Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 “ Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
 “ Thy

“ Thy turf-y mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
“ And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
“ Thy banks with pionied and twilled briars, 71
“ Which spungy April at thy hest betrims,
“ To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom groves,
“ Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
“ Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
“ And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
“ Where thou thyself do'st air; The queen o' the
sky,
“ Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
“ Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
“ Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, 80
“ To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
“ Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

“ Enter CERES.

“ Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
“ Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
“ Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers;
“ Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
“ And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
“ My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
“ Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy
queen
“ Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
“ Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate; 91
“ And some donation freely to estate
“ On the bless'd lovers.

“ Cer.

" Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 " If Venus, or her son, as thou dos't know,
 " Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
 " The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 " Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 " I have forsborn. }
 " Iris. Of her society
 " Be not afraid: I met her deity
 " Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
 " Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
 done
 " Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 " Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
 " Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
 " Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 " Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 " Swears he will shoot no more, but play with spar-
 rows,
 " And be a boy right out. } 110
 " Cer. High queen of state,
 " Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait."

Enter JUNO.

" Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
 " To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
 " And honour'd in their issue."

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing.
 Hourly joys be still upon you!
 Juno sings her blessings on you,

Cer.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty; 320
Barns, and garners, never empty; 320
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest, 325
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you. 330

" Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
" Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
" To think these spirits? 330

" Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
" I have from their confines call'd to enact
" My present fancies.

" Fer. Let me live here ever; bad I [shook] 335
" So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife, 340
" Make this place paradise.

" Prb. Sweet now, silence: 345
" Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously;
" There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
" Or else our spell is marr'd. 340

" [JUNO and CERES, whisper, and send IRIS on
Employment.]

" Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks, 350
" With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
" Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
" Answer your summons; Juno does command:

" Come,

“ Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
“ A contract of true love; be not too late.

“ Enter certain Nymphs.

“ You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
“ Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
“ Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
“ And these fresh nymphs encounter every one 150
“ In country footing.”

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with
the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the End
whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; “ after
“ which, to a strange, hollow, and confused Noise, they
“ vanish heavily.”

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.— [To the spirits.] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day, Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort, 160
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,

The

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: "We are such stuff
"As dreams are made on, and our little life
"Is rounded with a sleep." — Sir, I am vex'd; yea,
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace. *[Exit FAIR. and MIRA.]*

Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank thee: — Ariel, come.

PROSPERO comes forward from the Cell; enter *ARIEL*, to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; I What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit, We must prepare, to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented *Ceres*, I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground 190
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
 Towards their project : Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
 ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt musick ; so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
 thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
 I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,

“ There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
 “ O'er-stunk their feet.”

Pro. This was well done, my bird :

Thy shape invisible retain thou still :

The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Mer. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;

And as, with age, his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers : I will plague them all,

Even to roaring :—Come, hang them on this line.

[PROSPERO remains invisible.

“ Enter

“Enter ARIEL loaden with glistering Apparel, &c.
Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the
Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which
my nose is in great indignation. 219

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak
softly;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss. 229

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou
here,

This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-
phane!

Cal. Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery:—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it,

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:
Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and
prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent
pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

262
Trin.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this. 270

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

“*Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey !

“*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!”

Pro. “*Fury, Fury!* there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!”—

[To Ariel.] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

280

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies; Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Cell. Enter PROSPERO in his magick Robes,
and ARIEL.

Prospero.

Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ; 10
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay ; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops

From

From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works
'em, 20
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall,

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury 30
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.

[Exit.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him, 40
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid

(Weak

(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak 50
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art: But this rough magick
 I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick (which even now I do),
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, 60
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.

[Solemn musick.]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him ALONSO with a frantick
 gesture, attended by GONZALO. SEBASTIAN and
 ANTHONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and
 FRANCISCO. They all enter the Circle which PROSPERO
 had made, and there stand charm'd; which
 PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

“ A solemn air, and the best comforter
 “ To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 “ Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!” there stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,

Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;
And as the morning steals upon the night, 70
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—“ O good Gonzalo,
“ My true preserver, and a loyal sir
“ To him thou follow’st ; I will pay thy graces
“ Home, both in word and deed.”—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—
Thou’rt pinch’d for’t now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood, 80
You brother mine, that entertain’d ambition,
Expel’d remorse, and nature ; “ who, with Sebastian,
“ (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
“ Would here have kill’d your king ; ” I do forgive
thee,
Unnatural though thou art !—Their understanding
Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me :—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;—
I will dis-case me, and myself present, [Exit ARIEL.
As I was sometime Milan :—quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt e’er long be free.

ARIEL enters singing, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip’s bell I lie ;
There

*There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss
thee; 100
But yet thou shalt have freedom: "So, so, so."—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us 110
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
"And to thee, and thy company, I bid
"A hearty welcome."

Alon. Whe'r thou be'st he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifler to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse 120
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Pro-
spero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
“ But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

“ [Aside to SEB. and ANT.]
“ I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
“ And justify you traitors; at this time
“ I'll tell no tales.

“ Seb. The devil speaks in him. “ [Aside.]

“ Pro. No:—”
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee; which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,

How

How sharp the point of this remembrance is !
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,

You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss? 160

Pro. As great to me, "as late; and, supportable
" To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
" Than you may call to comfort you;" for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O Heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire, 171
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justified from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;

For
woH

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, 180
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
 This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in;
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The Entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND
 and MIRANDA playing at Chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false. 190
 Fer. No, my dearest love, I would not for the world. 190
 I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should
 wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle! 200
 Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
 I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings
 [FERDINAND kneels.

Of a glad father compass thee about!
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal ;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine :
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice ; nor thought, I had one : she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pro. There, sir, stop ;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither !

“ *Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

“ *Gon.*

“ Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue
“ Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
“ Beyond a common joy; and set it down
“ With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
“ Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
“ And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
“ Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
“ In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves, 240
“ When no man was his own.”

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly
following.

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found 251

Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Hij Ari.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

[*Aside.*]

Pro. My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you, 270
Even in a dream, where we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt
be free.

[*Aside.*]

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure, 280
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,

(Which

(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither,

Such spirit ; { Set Caliban and his companions free : } [Aside.]

Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir ?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not. 289

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune :—
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

“ Seb. Ha, ha ;
“ What things are these, my lord Anthónio ?

“ Will money buy them ? 300

“ Ant. Very like ; one of them
“ Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.”

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true :—This mis-shapen
knaves, —

His mother was a witch ; and one so strong

That

That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,

" And deal in her command without her power :" These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them To take my life : two of these fellows, you 310 Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness, I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He's drunk now : where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them ? —

How cam'st shou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing. 321

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ?

Ste. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape : — Go, sirrah, to my cell ; Take with you your companions ; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely. 330

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter, And

And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go, to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest 340
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave. 350

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge, then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near. 360
} *Aside.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

*N*OW my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples: let me not, then,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island, by your spell;
 But release me from my bands,
 With the help of your good hands.
 Gentle breath of yours, my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please: Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be relied by prayer,
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free!

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

The TEMPEST,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXXVIII.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

JOHN BEECHER'S CHURCH SERVICES

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMUNION SERVICES

FOR

THE TRINITY CHURCH

IN NEW YORK CITY.

WILL SHAW

LAST SUNDAY

100000

John Beecher's Church Services

John Beecher, Minister of the First Congregational Church, New York City.

WEDNESDAY



ANNOTATIONS

UPON

The TEMPEST.

TEMPEST.] MR. THEOBALD tells us, that *The Tempest* must have been written after 1609, because the Bermuda Islands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the English until that year; but this is a mistake. He might have seen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

It was, however, one of our author's last works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in *The Tempest*.

“Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?”
And always *wrong* in his earlier play, *The Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600.

“My friend *Stephano*, signify I pray you,” &c.

— So little did a late editor know of his author, when he idly supposed his *school literature* might, perhaps, have been lost by the *dissipation of youth*, or the *busy scene of publick life!*

FARMER.

Annotations

ACT I.

Line 1. IN this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders.

JOHNSON.

3. — *fall to't yarely*, —] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word. So in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

“They'll make his muse as *yare* as a tumbler.”

Here it is applied as a sea-term, and in other parts of the scene. So he uses the adjective, act v.:

“Our ship is tight and *yare*.” And in one of the *Henries*,

“*yare* are our ships.” To this day the sailors say,

“sit *yare* to the helm.” Again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“The tackles *yarely* frame the office.”

WARTON.

7. Perhaps it might be read—*blow till thou burst thee; wind!* if room enough. Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this passage in *The Pilgrim*.

“ — *Blow, blow west wind,* burst thee; wind!

“ *Blow till thou rive!*” Again,

“ — *Blow, blow west wind,* burst thee; wind!

“ *Blow till thou rive!*” Again,

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609.

“ 1st. Saylor. Blow and split thyself!

“ 2d. Saylor. But sea-room, and the brine and
cloudy billow

“ Kiss the moon, I care not.”

And yet, desiring the *winds* to blow till they burst
their *winds*, is not unlike many other conceits of Shak-
sper.

STEEVENS.

10. *Play the men.*] i. e. act with spirit, behave
like men,

So, in *King Henry VI. Part I.*

“ When they shall hear how we have *play'd the
men.*”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Scripture*, 2 Sam. x. 12: “ Be of good
courage, and let us *play the men* for our people.”

MALONE.

23. —*of the present*—] It may mean *of the pre-
sent instant.*

STEEVENS.

29. *Gonzalo.*] It may be observed of Gonzalo, that,
being the only good man that appears with the king,
he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in
the wreck, and his hope on the island.

JOHNSON.

49. —*an unstanch'd wench.*] *Unstanch'd*, I be-
lieve, means incontinent.

STEEVENS.

50. *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*—] *To lay a ship a-
hold*, is, to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can,
in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to
sea.

STEEVENS.

57. —*merely*—] In this place signifies *abso-
lutely*. In which sense it is used in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

“ —Things

“ —— Things rank and gross in nature
“ Possess it merely.”

So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

“ —— at request

“ Of some mere friends, some honourable Ro-
mans.”

STEEVENS.

62. —— to glut him,] Shakspere probably wrote, *englut him*, to swallow him; for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently; as in *Henry VI.*

“ —— Thou art so near the gulf

“ Thou needs must be *engluttet*.”

And again in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *gluttet offal* for *swallowed*, and therefore perhaps the present text may stand.

JOHNSON.

Thus in Sir. A. Gorges's translation of *Lucan*.
B. VI.

“ —— oylie fragments scarcely burn'd,

“ Together she doth scrape and *glut*.”

STEEVENS.

65. —*Farewel, brother!*—] All those lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the *confused noise within* should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters, but should be printed thus:

1 *Sailor.* Mercy on us!

We split, we split!

2 *Sailor.* Farewel, my, &c.

3 *Sailor.*

8 Sailor. Brother, farewell, &c. JOHNSON.

69. —long heath,—] This is the common name for the *erica baccifera*. WARBURTON.

—long heath] The distinction between the different sorts of *erica*, are either—*vulgaris*, *tenuifolia*, or *brabantica*. There is no such plant as *erica baccifera*.

WARNER.

“An acre of barren ground, *long heath*, *brown furze*,” &c. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ling*, heath, *broom*, *furze*.—Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in Harrison’s Description of Britain, prefixed to our author’s good friend Holingshed, p. 91. “*Brome*, *heth*, *firze*, *brakes*, *whinnes*, *ling*,” &c.

FARMER.

Mr. Tollet has sufficiently vindicated Sir Thomas Hanmer from the charge of tautology, by favouring me with specimens of three different kinds of heath which grow in his own neighbourhood. I would gladly have inserted his observations at length; but, to say the truth, our author, like one of Cato’s soldiers who was bit by a serpent,

Ipse latet penitus congesto corpore mersus.

STEEVENS.

82. —or ere] i. e. before. Of this use, many instances are given hereafter.

STEEVENS.

89. Pro. *No harm.*] I know not whether Shakespeare did not make Miranda speak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm.

To which Prospero properly answers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda,

Miranda, when she speaks the words, *O, woe the day!* supposes not that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their destruction *no harm*. JOHNSON.

93. —*more better*] This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers. So in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. let. no. ate: *imprinted by William Copland*. “And also the *more sooner* to come, without prolixity, to the true *Chronicles*,” &c. Again, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594 :

“ To wait a message of *more better* worth.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ That hale *more greater* than Cassandra now.”

STEEVENS.

94. —*full poor cell*,] *i. e.* a cell in a great degree of poverty. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. —*I am fully sorry.* STEEVENS.

97. *Did never meddle with my thoughts.*] To meddle, in this instance, seems to signify to mingle. Hence the substantive *medley*. To middle for to mix is used at least twenty times in the ancient *Book of Hawking*, &c. commonly called the *Book of St. Alban's*, and yet more often by *Chaucer*. STEEVENS.

“ It should rather mean to interfere, to trouble, to busy itself, as still used in the North, *e. g.* *Don't meddle with me*; *i. e.* Let me alone; *Don't molest me*.”

REMARKS.

101. *Lye there my art*—] Sir W. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasurer, &c. in the reign of queen

queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, *Lie there, lord treasurer.* Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 257.

STEEVENS.

103. — *virtue of compassion* —] Virtue ; the most efficacious part, the energetick quality ; in a like sense we say, *The virtue of a plant is in the extract.*

JOHNSON.

105. — *that there is no soul* —] Thus the old editions read ; but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *that there is no soul lost*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky : the author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no spot : for so Ariel tells,

Not a hair perish'd ;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before.

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempest* had a glimpse, but could not keep it.

JOHNSON.

— *no soul* —] Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspere. He sometimes begins a sentence ; and before he concludes it entirely changes the construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage.

STEEVENS.

119. Out *three years old.*] *i. e.* Quite three years old, three years old full out, complete. Mr. Pope, without occasion, reads,

FULL *three years old.*

STEEVENS.

130. —*abyss of time?*] This method of spelling the word is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abyssme*, now written *abime*.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“And chase him from the deep *abysses* below.”

STEEVENS.

140. —*thou his only heir*] Perhaps— and thou his only heir.

JOHNSON.

The old copy reads— and his only heir,
and princess—

Perhaps we should read, and his only heir.

A princess— no worse issued.

Issued is descended. So in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

“For I am by birth a gentleman, and *issued* of such parents,” &c.

STEEVENS.

149. —*teen*—] Is sorrow, grief, trouble. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—to my *teen* be it spoken.” STEEVENS.

167. *To trash for over-topping;*] *To trash*, as Dr. Warburton observes, is to cut away the superfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, published in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The present explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1608. B. X. ch. 57.

“Who

“ Who suffreth none by might, by wealth or blood to overtopp,

“ Himself gives all preferment, and whom listeth him, doth lop.”

Again, in our author's *King Richard II.*

“ Go thou, and, like an executioner,

“ Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays

“ That look too lofty in our commonwealth.”

Mr. Warton's note, however, on ——“ trash for his quick hunting,” in the second act of *Othello*, leaves my interpretation of this passage exceedingly disputable.

STEEVENS.

169. ——*both the key*] *Key*, in this place, seems to signify the *key* of a musical instrument, by which he set *Hearts to tune*. JOHNSON.

This doubtless is meant of a *key* for tuning the harpsichord, spinet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer, as it is used as well to strike down the iron pins whereon the strings are wound, as to turn them. *As a key*, it acts like that of a watch.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

181. *Like a good, &c.*] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxae.* JOHNSON.

186. ——*like one,*
Who having UNTO truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—] The corrupted reading of the second line has rendered this beautiful

Bij similitude

similitude quite unintelligible. For what is [having into truth?] or what doth [it] refer to? not to [truth,] because if he told truth he could never credit a lie. And yet there is no other correlative to which [it] can belong.

I read and point it thus :

—like one

*Who having, UNTO truth, by telling OFT,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—*

i. e. by often repeating the same story, made his memory such a sinner unto truth, as to give credit to his own lie; a miserable delusion, to which story-tellers are frequently subject. The Oxford Editor having, by this correction, been let into the sense of the passage, gives us this sense in his own words :

Who loving an untruth, and telling't oft

Makes —————

WARBURTON.

I agree with Dr. Warburton, that perhaps there is no correlative to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong, and that *unto* was the original reading. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

STEEVENS.

190. —out of the substitution,] Is the old reading. The modern editors, for the sake of smoother versification, read—from substitution. STEEVENS.

200. So dry he was for sway,—] i. e. So thirsty. The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. Thus in *Leicester's Commonwealth*;

“against

"against the designments of the hasty Erle who
thirsteth a kingdome with great intemperance."

STEEVENS.

209. *To think, but nobly*—] *But in this place*
signifies otherwise than. STEEVENS.

225. —*cry'd out*—] *Perhaps we should read—*
cried on't, STEEVENS.

226. —*a hint,*] *Hint is suggestion.* So in the be-
ginning speech of the second act :

—our *hint* of woe

Is common STEEVENS.

236. (*So dear the love my people bore me*) nor set,
&c.] There is in this line a redundant syllable.
Perhaps *nor* ought to be omitted, and the passage thus
regulated :

" —Dear, they durst not

" (*So dear the love my people bore me*) set

" A mark so bloody on the business." MALONE.

252. —*deck'd the sea*—] *To deck the sea*, if explained,
to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous;
but the original import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover*;
so in some parts they yet say, *deck the table*. This
sense may be borne; but perhaps the poet wrote
fleck'd, which I think is still used in rustick language
of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads
mock'd; the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

Verstegan, p. 61. speaking of Beer, says, "So
the *overdecking* or *covering* of beer came to be called
berham, and afterwards barme." This very well
supports Dr. Johnson's explanation. The following

Bij passage

passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* may countenance the verb *deck* in its common acceptation.

“ ——do not please sharp fate

“ To grace it with your sorrows.”

What is this but decking it with tears? STEEVENS.

Whether we explain *deck'd* in the sense of adorning, which seems to be its meaning in the passage produced by Mr. Steevens from *Antony and Cleopatra*; or whether in the sense of covering; the phrase will be but bald: this however is no argument that Shakspere did not write it. I am nevertheless strongly inclined to conjecture that the right reading is——“ *dewed* the sea with tears.” As in Spencer's *Faery Queene*, B. IV. c. 8.

“ *Dew'd* with her drops of bounty sovereigne.”

And in our author's *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 2.

“ To *dew* the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.” S. W.

To *deck*, I am told, signifies in the North, to *sprinkle*; See Ray's *Dictionary of North Country Words*, v. to *deg* and to *leck*; and his *Dictionary of South and East Country Words*, v. *dag*. The latter signifies dew upon grass; hence *daggle-tailed*. MALONE.

A correspondent of Mr. Reed, who signs himself *Eboracensis*, proposes that this contested word should be printed *degg'd*, which, says he, signifies *sprinkled*, and is in daily use in the North of England. When clothes that have been washed are too much dried, it is necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *sprinkling*; this operation the maidens universally call *deggung*. EDITOR.

254. *An undergoing stomach* ——] *Stomach* is pride, stubborn resolution. So Horace, “ ——gravem Pelidæ stomachum.” STEEVENS.

260. ——*who being then appointed, &c.*] Such is the old reading. We might better read, ——*he being, &c.* STEEVENS.

268. *Now, I arise :*] Why doth Prospero *arise*? Or, if he does to ease himself by change of posture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read :

Mir. Would I might

But ever see that man!—Now I arise.

Pro. Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Prospero, in p. 9. l. 108. had directed his daughter to *sit down*, and learn the whole of this history; having previously by some magical charm disposed her to fall asleep. He is watching the progress of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may now *arise*, as the story is done. Prospero, surprised that his charm does not yet work, bids her *sit still*; and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowsiness

coming

coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her still sitting to her slumbers. BLACKSTONE.

272. *princes*—] In the first edition—*princesses*; a reading which the sense of the passage requires to be restored. HENLEY.

282. *I find, &c.*] The same sentiment is in *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3. MALONE.

286. ——'tis a good dulness,] Dr. Warburton rightly observes, that this sleepiness, which Prospero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how soon the effect would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is attentive to her story. JOHNSON.

289. *All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, &c.]*
Imitated by Fletcher in the *Faithful Shepherdess*:

“ —tell me sweetest,
“ What new service now is meetest
“ For the satyre; shall I stray
“ In the middle ayre, and stay
“ The sailing racke, or nimblly take
“ Hold by the moone, and gently make
“ Suit to the pale queene of night,
“ For a beame to give me light?
“ Shall I dive into the sea,
“ And bring thee coral, making way
“ Through the rising waves,” &c. HENLEY.

Which of these two preceded the other has not been ascertained. The first edition of *The Faithful Shepherdess* has no date. It was, however, exhibited before

1611, being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed in that year. It appears from a prologue of D'Avenant's, that some of Fletcher's dramatick performances were produced as early as the year 1605.

MALONE.

293. *On the curl'd clouds*; ——] So in *Timon—Crisp* heaven.

STEEVENS.

296. *Perform'd to point* ——] *i. e.* to the minutest article.

So in the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher,

“ ——are you all fit ?

STEEVENS.

298. ——now on the beak,] The beak was a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is used here for the forecastle, or the bolt-sprit.

JOHNSON.

299. *Now in the waste*, ——] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.

JOHNSON.

300. ——*Sometimes, I'll divide,*

And burn in many places. ——] Perhaps our author, when he wrote these lines, remembered the following passage in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: “ I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night there came upon the toppe of our maine-mast a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo*. This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, *flying from maste to maste, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once.*”

MALONE.

303. — *precursors*

O' the dreadful thunder-clap,—] So, in *K. Lear*:
 “ *Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts.*”

STEEVENS.

313. *But felt a fever of the mad,—*] In all the later editions this is changed to a *fever of the mind*, without reason or authority, nor is any notice given of an alteration.

JOHNSON.

If it be at all necessary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel, when the frantick fit is upon them.*

STEEVENS.

325. — *sustaining* —] *i. e.* Their garments that bore them up and supported them. So, *K. Lear*, act iv. sc. 4.

“ *In our sustaining corn.*”

Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read *sea-stained garments*; for (says he) it was not the floating of their clothes, but the magick of Prospero which preserved, as it had wrecked them. Nor was the miracle, that their garments had not been at first discoloured by the sea-water, which even that *sustaining* would not have prevented, unless it had been on the air, not on the water; but, as Gonzalo says, “ *that their garments being (as they were) drenched in the sea, held notwithstanding their freshness and gloss, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt-water.*”

For this, and all such notes as are taken from the MSS. of the late Mr. Edwards, I am indebted to the friendship of Benjamin Way, Esq. who very obli-

gingly

gingly procured them from the executors of that gentleman, with leave for their publication. Such of them as are omitted in this edition had been sometimes forestalled by the remarks of others, and sometimes by my own. The reader, however, might have been justly offended, had any other reasons prevented me from communicating the unpublished sentiments of that sprightly critick and most amiable man, as entire as I received them.

STEEVENS.

This note of Mr. Edwards, with which I suppose no reader is satisfied, shews with how much greater ease critical emendations are destroyed than made, and how willingly every man would be changing the text, if his imagination would furnish alterations.

JOHNSON.

338. *From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.*—] Theobald says, *Bermoothes* is printed by mistake for *Bermudas*. No. That was the name by which the islands then went, as we may see by the voyages of that time; and by our author's contemporary poets. Fletcher, in his *Women Pleased*, says, *The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell to viſtual out a witch for the Bermoothes.* Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172. says, *That the Bermudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them The Isle of Devils.*—P. 174.—*to all seamen no less terrible than an enchanted den of furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water.

WARBURTON.

The

The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that the Bermudas were inhabited by *monsters*, and *devils*. — *Setebos*, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia.

HENLEY.

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612. ad diu aevi obitum in 1612.
“Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll send me on a voyage to the island of Hogs and *Devils*, the *Bermudas*.” STEEVENS.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinhead's, entitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-Yard, una cum indice expurgatoria, &c.* 12^{mo} in page 62, under the title *Cases of Conscience*, is this:

34. “Whether *Bermudas* and the parliament-house lie under one planet, seeing both are *haunted with devils*.” PERCY.

343. — *the Mediterranean flote,]* *Flote* is wave. *Flot.* Fr. STEEVENS.

349. *What is the time o' the day?]* This passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer: he that thinks it faulty may easily adjust it thus:

Pro. *What is the time o' the day? Past the mid-season?*

Ari. *At least two glasses.*

Pro. *The time 'twixt six and now* — JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently :

Ariel. *Past the mid-season, at least two glasses.*

Pros. *The time, &c.* MALONE.

365. *Dost thou forget* —] That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, *some* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) *dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

— *Thou wast a spirit too delicate*

To act her earthy and abhor'd commands.

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed, or charms learned. This power was called *The Black Art, or Knowledge of Enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king James observes in his *Demonology*) *one who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.* Those who thought best of this

art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose only from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntary allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind who dealt with them by way of command*. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly*.—Of these trifles enough. JOHNSON.

379. ——*in Argier.*] *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers*. See a pamphlet entitled, “A true Relation of the Travails, &c. of William Davies, barber-surgeon,” &c. 1614. In this is a chapter “on the description, &c. of *Argier*.” STEEVENS.

425. ——*to a nymph o' the sea :*] There does not appear to be sufficient cause why *Ariel* should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of Prospero. STEEVENS.

To, which is not in the first and authentick copy of this play, was unnecessarily introduced by the editor

of the second folio. The lines should, I think, be regulated thus :

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea :
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine ; invisible
To every eye-ball else.

MALONE.

431. *The strangeness*—] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep ? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing. JOHNSON.

The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and therefore strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magick robe and wand ; then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption ; then by varying the action when he rises and bids her continue sitting : and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again.

WARNER.

451. Cal. *As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,*

Drop on you both !—] Shakspere hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of Caliban, in order to heighten the grotesque of his character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwholesome*. So Sir John Maundevil, in his travels, p. 334. edit. Lond. 1625.—*at alle tymes brennethe a*

C ij

vesselle

vesselle of Crystalle fulle of bawme for to zeven gode smelle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden away all WYCKEDE eyers and corrupciouns. It was a tradition, it seems, that lord Falkland, lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden, concurred in observing, that Shakspere had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakspere gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has.

WARBURTON:

Where these criticks derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero and his daughter, he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more understanding than Shakspere has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper, and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions.

JOHNSON.

As wicked dew,—] *Wicked*; having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, *wicked weed*; so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*.

JOHNSON.

80

So in the *Booke of Hawkyng, &c.* bl. let. no date.
" If a *wycked* felon be swollen in such manner that a man may hele it, the hauke shall not dye."

STEEVENS]

456. — *urchins*] *i. e.* hedgehogs.

Urchins are enumerated by *Reginald Scott* among other terrifick beings.

" —to fold thyself up like an *urchin*."

Chapman's *May Day*, 1611.

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638:

" What, are the *urchins* crept out of their dens

" Under the conduct of this porcupine!"

457. — *for that vast of night that they may work,*]

The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things, lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waste*. So in *Hamlet*:

" In the dead *waste* and middle of the night."

It has a meaning like that of *nox vasta*.

Perhaps, however, it may be used in a signification somewhat different; in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

Vastum is likewise the ancient law term for *waste* uncultivated land; and, with this meaning, *vast* is used by Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

" —When unlightsome, *vast* and indigest

" The formeless matter of this world did lye."

It should be remembered, that, in the pneumato-logy of former ages, these particulars were settled

Ciij with

with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. Among these we may suppose *urchins* to have had a part subjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakspere alludes again in *K. Lear* : *He begins at curfew, and walks till the second cock.*

STEEVENS.

470. *Cursed be I, that I did so!—All the charms]* The editor of the second folio, not perceiving that our author uses *charms* as a dissyllable, introduced an unnecessary supplemental word. The reading of the first and authentick copy—*Cursed be I that did so, &c.* ought certainly to be adhered to. MALONE.

484. *Abhorred slave;*] The speech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciously bestowed by Mr. Theobald on Prospero. JOHNSON.

The modern editions take this speech from Miranda, and give it to Prospero; though there is nothing in it but what she may speak with the greatest propriety; especially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of Caliban, to enable him to make the attempt complained of. The poet himself shews he intended Miranda should be his tutoress, when he makes Caliban say, “ I’ve seen thee in her, my mistress shewed me thee and thy dog, and thy bush ;” to

Stephano,

Stephano, who had just assured the monster he was the man in the moon. HOLT.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, this speech transferred to Prospero in the alteration of this play by Dryden and D'Avenant. MALONE.

488. ——when thou didst not, savage,

Know thy own meaning, ——] By this expression, the poet seems to have meant —— *When thou didst utter sounds, to which thou hadst no determinate meaning* : but the following expression of Mr. Addison, in his 98th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the best comment on this passage, “ ——having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is *neither well understood by themselves, or others.*” STEEVENS.

491. ——*But thy wild race,*] Race, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. In this sense we still say — *The race of wine*; thus in Massinger’s *New Way to pay old Debts*:

“ There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe

“ Of rich Canary.—

“ Is it of the right race?”

And Sir W. Temple has somewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

Race and *raciness* in wine signifies a kind of tartness. BLACKSTONE.

497. ——*the red plague—*] The *erysipelas* was anciently called the *red-plague*. STEEVENS.

513. *Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,]* As was anciently done at the beginning of some dances.

The wild waves whist;
i. e. the wild waves being silent (or whist) as in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. VII. c. 7. s. 59.

So was the Titaness put down, and whist.
And Milton seems to have had our author in his eye. See stanza 5. of his *Hymn on the Nativity*.

The winds with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kiss'd.

So again, both lord Surrey and Phaer, in their translations of the second book of Virgil:

“ ——Conticuere omnes.

“ They whistled all.”

And Lylly, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

“ But every thing is quiet, whist, and still.”

STEEVENS.

528. *This musick crept by me upon the waters;*] So in Milton's *Masque*.

“ ——a soft and solemn breathing sound

“ Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,

“ And stolé upon the air.” STEEVENS.

537. *But doth suffer a sea-change.]*

“ And underwent a quick immortal change.”

Milton's *Masque*.

STEEVENS.

539. *Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.*

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Burden, ding-dong.]

So

So in *The Golden Garden of Princely Delight*, &c. 13th edition, 1690 :

“ Corydon’s doleful knell to the tune of Ding, dong.”

“ I must go seek a new love,

“ Yet will I ring her knell,

Ding, dong.”

The same burthen to a song occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*, act iii. STEEVENS.

543. *That the earth owes* :—] *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, signifies to possess.

544. *The fringed curtains*, &c.] The same expression occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ —her eye-lids

“ Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.”

STEEVENS.

561. *Most sure*, &c.] It seems, that Shakspere, in *The Tempest*, hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil: witness the *O Dea certe*. I presume we are here directed to the passage, where Ferdinand says of Miranda, after hearing the songs of Ariel :

Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend!—

And so *very small Latin* is sufficient for this formidable translation, that, if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on such a sandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real translator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an English reader,

reader, supposing it necessarily borrowed from Virgil. Hexameters in our own language are almost forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurst, *Edit. 1583*:

“ O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly
be fitted ?

“ Thy tongue, thy visage no mortal frayltie re-
sembleth.

“ —No doubt, a goddesse !” FARMER.

569. ——————certainly a maid.] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourselves; and was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men to corrupt the other sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance, and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand asks her not whether she was a *created being*, a question which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue which

Prospero's

Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question.

O, if a virgin,

I'll make you queen of Naples. JOHNSON.

A passage in *Lilly's Galathea* seems to countenance the present text, “The question among men is common, *are you a maid?*”—yet I cannot but think, that Dr. Warburton reads very rightly, “*If you be made, or no.*” When we meet with an harsh expression in *Shakspere*, we are usually to look for a *play upon words*. *Fletcher* closely imitates the *Tempest* in his *Sea Voyage*: and he introduces *Albert* in the same manner to the ladies of *his Desert island*,

“ Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall

“ Thus prostrate,” &c.

Shakspere himself had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a passage in the third book of the *Faery Queen*, between *Timias* and *Belphebe*,

“ Angel or goddess! do I call thee right?”

“ There—at she blushing, said, ah! gentle squire

“ Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the maid

“ And daughter of a woody nymph,” &c.

FARMER.

—*if you be maid, or no.*] It was not Dr. Warburton, but the fourth folio, that first read *made*; which I am persuaded was our author's word. The omission of the article adds some strength to this supposition. Nothing is more common in his plays than a word being used in reply, in a sense different from that in which it was employed by the first speaker.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand had the moment before called Miranda a Goddess; and the words immediately subjoined—“Vouchsafe my prayer,” &c. show that he looked up to her as a person of a superior order, and sought her protection and instruction for his conduct, not her love. At this period, therefore, he must have felt too much awe to have flattered himself with the hope of possessing a being that appeared to him celestial; though afterwards, emboldened by what Miranda had said, he exclaims, “O, if a Virgin,” &c.

MALONE.

582. *And his brave son, being twain.]* This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was left in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the duke of Milan.

THEOBALD.

584. ——*controul thee,*] Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee.

JOHNSON.

588. *I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:—]* i. e. I fear that, in asserting yourself to be *king of Naples*, you have uttered a falsehood, which is below your character, and consequently injurious to your honour. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—“This is not well, master Ford, this wrongs you.”

STEVENS.

619. *He's gentle, and not fearful.]* Fearful signifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough usage is unnecessary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

Fearful.

Fearful, however, may signify *formidable*, as in *K. Henry IV.*

“A mighty and a *fearful* head they are.”
And then the meaning of the passage is obvious.

STEEVENS.

The author of *THE REMARKS* hath thus explained the passage: “Do not rashly determine to treat him with severity, he is *mild* and *harmless*, and not in the least *terrible* or *dangerous*.”

REED.

621. *My foot my tutor?*—] So in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, p. 163.

“What honest heart would not conceive disdayne,
“To see the foote surmount above the head.”

HENDERSON.

623. —*come from thy ward;*] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 3. —*OUR hint of woe*] Hint is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads *stint* of woe.

JOHNSON.

Hint seems to mean circumstance. STEEVENS.

10. Alon. *Prythee, peace.*] All that follows from hence to this speech of the king's,

D

You

*You cram these words into my ears against
The stomach of my sense,*

seems to Mr. Pope to have been an interpolation by the players. For my part, though I allow the matter of the dialogue to be very poor, I cannot be of opinion that it is interpolated. For should we take out this immediate part, what would become of these words of the king,

— *Would I had never*

Married my daughter there!

What daughter? and where married? For it is in this intermediate part of the scene only that we are told the king had a daughter named Claribel, whom he had married into Tunis. 'Tis true, in a subsequent scene betwixt Anthonio and Sebastian, we again hear her and Tunis mentioned; but in such a manner, that it would be obscure and unintelligible without this previous information.

THEOBALD.

12. *The visitor*—] Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick.

JOHNSON.

43. — *and delicate temperance.*] Temperance here means *temperature*.

STEEVENS.

45. *Temperance was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from the titles of religious and moral virtues,

Se

So Taylor, the water-poet, in his description of a strumpet :

" Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,

" To be call'd Prudence, Temperance, Faith, or Grace." STEEVENS.

54. *How lush and lusty the grass looks?*] *Lush*, i. e. of a dark full colour, the opposite to *pale* and *faint*.

Sir T. HANMER.

The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir T. Hanmer, that *lush* here signified *rank of growth*, and not *a dark full colour*. In Arthur Golding's translation of *Julius Solinus*, printed 1587, a passage occurs, in which the word is explained—" *Shrubbes lushe* and almost like a grystle." So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,

" Quite over canopied with *luscious* woodbine."

Dunbar, in *The Contemplatioun of Manis Mortalitie*, uses *lusty* in the like sense with Shakspere :

" Thy *lustye* bewte, and thy youth

" Shall feid as dois the somer flouris."

HENLEY.

57. *With an eye of green in't.*] *An eye* is a small shade of colour.

" Red, with an *eye* of blue, makes a purple."

Boyle.

STEEVENS.

79. — *Widow Dido!*] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps

Perhaps there is an allusion to some old ballad. In the Pepysian collection is one to the tune of Queen Dido. MALONE.

The ballad itself is in that collection, and it is also printed in *Percy's Reliques*. It appears at one time to have been a great favourite with the common people. "Oh you ale-wrights," exclaims an ancient writer, "you that devoure the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole ale-tubs into consumptions; that sung QUEEN DIDO over a cupp, and tell strange newes over an ale-pot," &c. *Jacke of Dover his Quest of Inquirie, or his privy search for the veriest Foole in England*, 4to. 1604, sig. F.

REMARKS.

87. —*the miraculous harp.*] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's musick. STEEVENS.

108. *The stomach of my sense:—*] By *sense*, I believe, is meant both *reason* and *natural affection*. So in *Measure for Measure*:

"Against all *sense* do you importune her."

STEEVENS.

134. ——————at
Which end the beam should bow.—] The old copy reads :
—————at

Which end o' th' beam should bow.

Should, was probably an abbreviation of *she would*, the mark of elision being inadvertently omitted. Thus *he has* is constantly in the first folio—*h'as*. Mr. Pope corrected the passage by omitting *o'*, and his correction has been adopted, I think, improperly; for omission

of

of any word in the old copy, without substituting another in its place, is always dangerous. Our author, I suppose, wrote

at

Which end o' the beam she'd bow.

MALONE.

138. *Than we bring men to comfort them*; —] It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply, that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit.

JOHNSON.

161. *Bourn, bound of land, &c.*] A *bourn*, in this place, signifies *limit*, a *meer*, a *land-mark*.

STEEVENS.

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:] The metre of this line is defective. Many of the defects in our author's metre have arisen from the words of one line being transferred to another. In the present instance the line that precedes this is redundant. Perhaps the words have here, as in many other passages, been shuffled out of their places. We might read :

And use of service none ; succession,
Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard,
none.

It must be owned, however, that in the passage in

Dijj

Montaigne,

Montaigne, the words *contract* and *succession*, are arranged in the same manner as in the first folio.

If the error did not happen in this way, *bourn* might have been used as a dissyllable, and the word omitted at the press might have been *none*.

—Contract, succession,

None; bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

MALONE.

167. *The latter-end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended.

WARBURTON.

After perusing the foregoing extract from Montaigne, the reader perhaps may entertain some doubts of the truth of this remark of Dr. Warburton.

MALONE.

171. —any engine.] An *engine* is the *rack*. So in *K. Lear*:

“ —like an *engine*, wrench'd by frame of nature

“ From the fix'd place.”

It may, however, be used here in its common signification of instrument of war, or military machine.

STEEVENS.

173. —all *foizon*,—] *Foison*, or *foizon*, signifies plenty, *ubertas*, not moisture, or juice of grass or other herbs, as Mr. Pope says.

EDWARDS.

Foysen is pure French, and signifies plenty.

So

So in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XIII.
ch. 78.

"Union, in breefe, is *foysonous*, and discorde
works decay."

Mr. Pope, however, is not entirely mistaken, as
foison, or *fizon*, sometimes bears the meaning which
he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South
and East Country words.

STEEVENS.

178. *I would with such perfection govern, sir,*
To excel the golden age.] So Montaigne, *ubi
supra*: "Me seemeth that what in those [newly dis-
covered] nations, we see by experience, doth not only
exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesie hath
proudly embellished *the golden age*, and all the quaint
inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but also
the conceptions and desire of philosophy."

MALONE.

240. *I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,*
Trebles thee o'er.] This passage is repre-
sented to me as an obscure one. The meaning of it
seems to be—You must put on more than your
usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper
attention to my proposal; which attention if you be-
stow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are*.
Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but, being
made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be
(according to our author's idea of greatness) *thrice* the
man he was before. In this sense he would be *trebled*
o'er. So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"—the

“ — the master calls

“ And trebles the confusion.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634 :

“ — thirds his own worth.” STEEVENS.

258. — *this lord of weak remembrance*, —] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering ; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

261. *For he's a spirit of persuasion*, —] Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus :

*For he, a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade.*

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king* ; or that, *He only professes to persuade*, that is, without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king. JOHNSON.

The meaning may be — He is a mere rhetorician, one who professes the art of persuasion, and nothing else ; i. e. he professes to persuade another to believe that of which he himself is not convinced : he is content to be plausible, that has no further aim. The construction from which I draw this sense, is undoubtedly harsh ; but, in a writer like Shakspere, all that is perplexed and irregular is not to be regarded as a corruption of the text. STEEVENS.

270. ——*a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, but where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered, is faint, obscure, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

278. ——*she that from Naples*

Can have no note, &c.] Shakspere's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who says that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and discharge themselves into the gulph of *Venice*; and by *Æschylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain*.

282. These lines are in the old edition thus:

—*though some cast again;*

And, by that destiny, to perform an act,

Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,

In your and my discharge.

The reading in the later editions is without authority. The old text may very well stand, except that in the last line *in* should be *is*, and perhaps we might better say—*and that by destiny*; it being a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered, that *cast* is here used in the same sense as in *Macbeth*, act ii. “—*though he took my legs from me, I made a shift to cast him.*”

The modern editors published,

Is yours and my discharge.

I think

I think we may safely retain the old reading in the last hemistich.

— *What is yet to come,
In yours and my discharge,*
i. e. depends on what you and I are to perform.

STEEVENS.

283. — *destiny, —] I should prefer destin'd.* MUSGRAVE.

293. — *Keep in Tunis.]* There is in this passage a propriety lost, which a slight alteration will restore :

— *Sleep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake !* JOHNSON.

The old reading is sufficiently explicable. Claribel (says he), *keep where thou art, and allow Sebastian time to awaken those senses, by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now presents itself.* STEEVENS.

300. A chough is a bird of the jack-daw kind. STEEVENS.

317. *And melt, ere they molest. —] I had rather read,*

Would melt ere they molest.

i. e. Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest one, or prevent the execution of my purposes. JOHNSON.

Or melt ere they molest. The old copy reads— And melt, which is as intelligible as or, which was substituted in its place.—Let twenty consciences be first congealed, and then dissolved, ere, &c. MALONE.

In the later editions, these lines are thus arranged :

Ay, sir, where lies that ?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper :

But I feel not this deity in my bosom.

Ten consciences, that stand twixt me and Milan,

Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest !

Here lies your brother —

This modern reading was quite arbitrary, as appears by the necessity of changing twenty to ten. STEEVENS.

319. —that's dead ;] that is, *id est.* STEEVENS.

322. —for ay —] *i. e.* for ever. So in *King Lear.*

— I am come

“ To bid my king and master aye good-night.

STEEVENS.

323. *This ancient morsel, —]* For *morsel* Dr. Warburton reads *ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously, yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say *a piece of a man.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress ?”

STEEVENS.

325. —take suggestion,—] *i. e.* Receive any hint of villainy. JOHNSON.

They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk.] That is, will adopt, and bear witness to, any tale you shall invent ; you may suborn them as evidences to clear you from all suspicion of having murdered the king. A similar signification occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Love

" Love bid me swear, and love bids me forswear :

" O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,

" Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it."

HENLEY.

339. — *to keep them living.*] *i. e.* Alonso and Anthonio ; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the Oxford Editor alters *them* to *you*, because in the verse before, it is said — *you his friend* ; as if, because, Ariel was *sent forth* to *save his friend*, he could not have another purpose in sending him, *viz.* to *save his project* too.

WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton and the Oxford Editor both mistaken. The sense of the passage, as it now stands, is this : He sees *your* danger, and will therefore save *them*. Dr. Warburton has mistaken Anthonio for Gonzalo. Ariel would certainly not tell Gonzalo, that his master saved him only for his project. He speaks to himself as he approaches,

*My master through his heart foresees the danger
That these his friends are in.*

These written with a *y*, according to the old practice, did not much differ from *you*.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson objects very justly to this passage.

The confusion has, I think, arisen from the omission of a single letter. Our author, I believe, wrote

— and sends me forth,

For else his projects dies, to keep them living.

• e. he has sent me forth, to keep his projects alive,

which

which else would be destroyed by the murder of Gonzalo.—The opposition between the life and death of a project appears to me much in Shakspere's manner. The plural noun joined to a verb in the singular is to be met with in almost every page of the first folio. Thus, to confine myself to the play before us, edit.

1623:

“ My old *bones* aches.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ ——————At this hour

“ *Lies* at my mercy all my *enemies*.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ What *cares* the *roarers* for the name of the king.”

It was the common language of the time ; and ought to be corrected, as indeed it generally has been in the modern editions of our author, by changing the number of the verb. Thus, in the present instance, we should read—For else his projects *die*, &c.

MALONE.

By *THEM*, are meant Sebastian and Anthonio. The *project* of Prospero which depended upon Ariel's *keeping them living*, may be seen, act iii. l. 340, &c.

HENLEY.

348. ——*drawn?*] Having your swords drawn. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ What, art thou *drawn* among these heartless
hinds ?”

JOHNSON.

364. That's *verity* :——] The old copy reads, that's *verily* ; the emendation by Mr. Pope.

STEVENS.

381. —————*that moe, &c.*] *i. e.* Make mouths;
So in the old version of the Psalms :

“————making *moes* at me.”

Again, in the old mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512 :
“ And make them to lye and *mowe* like an ape.”

STEEVENS.

385. —————*wound, ——*] Enwrapped by adders
wound or twisted about me. JOHNSON.

393. —————*looks like a foul bumbard*] This term
again occurs in *The first Part of Henry IV.* — “ That
swoln parcel of dropsies that huge *bumbard* of sack ; ”
————and again in *Henry VIII.* “ And here you lie
baiting of *bumbards*, when ye should do service.”
By these several passages, 'tis plain, the word meant
a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece
of ordnance so called. THEOBALD.

Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Augurs*, confirms the
conjecture of Theobald — “ The poor cattle yonder
are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a
bumbard of broken beer.” STEEVENS.

401. —————*this fish painted, ——*] To exhibit fishes,
either real or imaginary, was very common about the
time of our author. So in Maine's comedy of the
City Match :

“ Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a
strange fish.”

“ ——This is the fifth fish now

“ That he hath shewn thus.”

It appears, from the books at Stationers-Hall, that
in 1604 was published, “ A strange reporte of a
monstrous

monstrous fish, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea."

STEEVENS.

403. —make a man ;—] That is, make a man's fortune. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*—“we are all made men.” JOHNSON.

So in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ —She's a wench

“ Was born to make us all.” STEEVENS.

406. —a dead Indian.—] And afterwards—*Men of Inde*. Probably some allusion to a particular occurrence, now obscured by time. In *Henry VIII.* the porter asks the mob, if they think—*some strange Indian, &c. is come to court?*

In the year 1577 was entered on the books of the Stationers-Company “A description of the portraiture and shape of those strange kind of people which the wurthie Mr. Martin Fourbosier brought into England in A°. 1576.” STEEVENS.

407. —let loose my opinion, &c.] So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.” STEEVENS.

411. —his gaberdine ;—] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant. Spanish *Gabardina*.

So in *Look about you*, 1690.

“ I'll conjure his gaberdine.” The *gaberdine* is still worn by the peasants in Sussex. STEEVENS.

451. —*too much*—] *Too much* means, *any sum, ever so much.*

It has however been observed to me that when the vulgar mean to ask an extravagant price for any thing, they say, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. This sense sufficiently accommodates itself to Trinculo's expression.

STEEVENS.

454. —*I know it by thy trembling* :—] This *tremor* is always represented as the effect of being possess'd by the devil. So in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ *Mark how he trembles in his extasy!* ”

STEEVENS.

457. —*cat*;—] Alluding to an old proverb, *that good liquor will make a cat speak.*

STEEVENS.

465. *His forward voice, &c*] The person of Fame was anciently described in this manner. So in *Penelope's Web*, by Greene, 1601: “ *Fame hath two faces, readie as well to back-bite as to flatter.* ”

STEEVENS.

468. —*Amen!*—] Means to stop your draught: come to a conclusion. *I will pour some, &c.*

STEEVENS.

473. *I have no long spoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil.*

STEEVENS.

See *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. and Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, ver. 10916. of the late edit.

“ *Therefore behoveth him a full long spoone*

“ *That shall etc with a feind.* ”—

TYRWHITT.

480. ——*to be the siege of this moon calf?*] Siege signifies stool in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest. So in Holinshed, p. 705: “In this yeare also, a house on London-Bridge, called the common siege, or privie, fell downe into the Thames.”

A moon-calf is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hist. B. X. ch. 64.

STEEVENS.

510. *Hast thou not dropp'd from Heaven?*] The newly-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador, asked, by signs, whether Columbus and his companions were not come down from Heaven.

TOLLET.

519. *I afraid of him?—a very weak monster, &c.*] It is to be observed, that Trinculo the speaker is not charged with being afraid; but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew this brag from him. This is nature.

WARBURTON.

523. ——*kiss thy foot:—*] A sneer upon the Papists for kissing the Pope’s pantofle.

GREY.

549. —*scamels*—] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *shamois*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *scamels*: Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, observes, that limpets are in some places called *scams*, therefore I have suffered *scamels* to stand.

JOHNSON.

Theobald substitutes *shamois* for *scamels*; which last word, he says, has possessed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *scamels*; for in an old will, dated 1593, I find the bequest of “a bed of *scammel colour*,”

i. e. of the colour of an animal so called, whose skin was then in use for dress or furniture. This at least shews the existence of the word at the time, and in Shakspere's sense.

WARTON.

I take Mr. Warton's bed of *scammel* colour to be a mistake for *stammel* colour, *i. e.* of a light red colour. The *light pale stammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, and is also there styled *the light red*, and *fresh lusty gallant*, p. 260 and 261. See also *stammel* in *Ainsworth's Dictionary*.

TOLLET.

In Johnson's *Underwoods*, see the following passage:

“ Red-hood the first that doth appear

“ In *stamel*, scarlet is too dear.”

And in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater* :

“ Humble herself in an old *stamel* petticoat.”
and numberless other instances.

Theobald had very reasonably proposed to read *seamalls*, or *sea-mels*. An *e*, by these careless printers, was easily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty arises, the word having been spelt by the transcriber *seamels*. Willoughby mentions the bird as *Theobald* has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *scams*, more attention would have been paid to his assertion.

I should suppose, at all events, a *bird* to have been design'd, as *young* and *old fish* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more easily surprised than *old ones*. Besides, Caliban had already proffered to

fish

fish for Trinculo. In Cavendish's second voyage, the sailors eat *young gulls* at the isle of Penguins.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed observes, on the authority of Sir Joseph Banks, that in Willoughby's or rather John Ray's Ornithology, p. 34, N° 3, is mentioned the common *sea mall* (*Larus cinereus minor*); and adds, that Sir Robert Sibbald, in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentioned, amongst the fowls which frequent a neighbouring island, several sorts of *sea malls*, and one in particular, the *hatiewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall* kind, of the bigness of an ordinary pigeon, which, some hold, says he, to be as savoury and as good meat as a partridge is.

REED.

557. *Nor scrape trenchering*—] In our author's time trenchers were in general use; and the male domesticks were sometimes employed in cleansing them. “I have helped (says Lilly in his *History of his Life and Times*, sul. an. 1620), to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;—all manner of drudgery willingly performed, *scrape trenchers*, &c. MALONE.

ACT III.

Line 1. — **B**UT their labour

Delight in them sets off:—]

Moliter austерum studio fallente laborem.

Hor. sat. 2. lib. ii.

STEEVENS.

We have again the same thought in *Macbeth*:

“The labour we *delight* in, physicks pain.”

MALONE.

3. ————— and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task] The metre of this line is defective, by two words having been misplaced in the first edition. It should, I think, be regulated thus :

————— and most poor matters

*Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as odious, but, &c.*

The author and his contemporaries frequently used *odious* as a trisyllable.

MALONE.

15. The two first folios read :

Most busy lest, when I do it.

“Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is so very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discovered it.

THEOBALD.

45. —*hest*—] For *behest*; i. e. command.

STEEVENS.

57. *Of every creature's best.]* Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

73. ——than I would suffer, &c.] The old copy reads—Than *to* suffer. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. STEEVENS.

86. *I am a fool,*

To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish Shakspere from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconscious that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such a seeming contradictory expression of it, *folly*.

The same thought occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,

“ Your tributary drops belong to woe,

“ Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.”

STEEVENS.

95. ——it seeks——] *i.e.* my affection seeks.

MALONE.

98. *I am you wife, &c.]*

Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra,

Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,

Quæ tibi jucundo famularer servâ labore;

Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,

Purpureâve tuum consternens veste cubile.

Catul. 62.

MALONE.

99. ——*your fellow*] *i. e.* companion.

STEEVENS.

104. Mira. *My husband then?*

Ferd. *Ay, with a heart as willing*

As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. *And mine, with my heart in't :—*] It is still customary in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an earnest. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ *Speed.* But did you perceive her earnest ?

“ *Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

“ *Speed.* Why she hath given you a letter.”

Thus also, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

“ And clap thyself my love ; then didst thou utter

“ *I am your's for ever.*”

And again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ *Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange ; here take you this.

“ *Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

“ *Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy.”

HENLEY.

104. ——*bear up, and board 'em :—*] A metaphor alluding to a chase at sea. Sir J. HAWKINS.

126.

126. —— *I swam, &c*] This play was not published till 1623. *Albumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a passage relative to the escape of a sailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both instances, a sneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto*, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers :

“ —— five days I was under water; and at length

“ Got up and spread myself upon a chest,

“ Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet,

“ And thus in five days more got land.”

Act iii. sc. v.

STEEVENS.

130. —— *or my standard.*

Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.*] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble between *standard*, an ensign, and *standard*, a fruit tree, that grows without support, is evident.

STEEVENS.

140. —— *thou debosh'd fish thou,—*] I meet with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauch'd*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634 :

“ —— See your house be stor'd

“ With the *deboishest* roarers in this city.”

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639 :

“ —— saucy fellows,

“ *Debos'h'd* and daily drunkards.”

The substantive occurs in the *Parthenia Sacra*, 1633 :

“ —A

“—A hater of men, rather than the *deboishments* of their manners.”

When the word was first adopted from the French language, it appears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly ; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety.

STEEVENS.

179. *What a py'd ninnys this?—*] This line should certainly be given to Stephano. *Py'd ninnys* alludes to the striped coat worn by fools, of which Caliban could have no knowledge. Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban the lie, he is now supposed to repeat his offence ; upon which Stephano cries out,

What a py'd ninnys this? Thou scurvy patch!—
Caliban, now seeing his master in the mood that he wished, instigates him to vengeance :

I do beseech thy greatness give him blows.

JOHNSON.

It should be remember'd that *Trinculo* is no sailor, but a jester, and is so called in the ancient *dramatis personæ* ; he therefore wears the party-colour'd dress of one of these characters..

So in the *Devil's Law Case*, 1623 :

“ Unless I wear a *py'd fool's coat.*”

STEEVENS.

268. ——————Remember,
First to possess his books, &c.] So in Milton's
Masque,

“ Oh, ye mistook ; ye should have snatch’d his wand,

“ And bound him fast ; without his rod revers’d,

“ And backward mutterings of dissevering power,

“ We cannot free the lady.” —— STEEVENS.

—————Remember

First to possess his books, for, without them,

He’s but a sot as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command. They all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;

He has brave utensils (for so he calls them), &c.]

MALONE.

237. ——*Will you troul the catch,*] Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour* :

“ If he read this with patience, I’ll troul ballads.”

Again in the *Cobler’s Prophecy*, 1594 :

“ A fellow that will troul it off with tongue.

“ Faith, you shall hear me troll it after my fashion.”

To troul a catch, I suppose, is to dismiss it trippingly from the tongue. —— STEEVENS.

245. *This is the tune of our catch, play’d by the picture of nobody.*] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs. *Westward for Smelts*, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle in Barbican, at the signe of the Nobody. —— MALONE.

252. ——*affcard?*] Thus the old copy. To affear is an obsolete verb, with the same meaning as to affray.

So in the *Shipmannes Tale* of Chaucer, v. 13330 :

"This wif was not *aferde* ne *affraide*."

Between *aferde* and *affraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been some nice distinction which is at present lost.

STEEVENS.

271. *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The first words are addressed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems for some little time to have staid behind.

REVISAL.

272. *By'r lakin, ——*] *i. e.* The diminutive only of our lady, *i. e.* ladykin.

STEEVENS.

296. *A living drollery: ——*] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakspere's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty."

STEEVENS.

A living drollery, *i. e.* a *drollery*, not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive.

MALONE.

298. ——*one tree, the phanix throne; ——*] For this idea our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Translation of Pliny, B. XIII. ch. 4. "I myself verily have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek Φοῖνιξ]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and

revived of it selfe as the tree sprung again."

STEEVENS.

307. *For, certes, &c.]* *Certes* is an obsolete word, signifying *certainty*. STEEVENS.

315. ——*too much muse.]* *To muse*, in ancient language, is to admire.

So in *Maebeth*:

"Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends."

STEEVENS.

319. *Praise in departing.]* i.e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"And so she doth; but *praise your lack at parting.*"

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"Now *praise at thy parting.*"

Stephen Gosson, in his pamphlet entitled *Playes confuted in five Actions, &c.* (no date) acknowledges himself to have been the author of a morality called *Praise at Parting.* STEEVENS.

326. ——*that there were mountaineers, &c.]* Whoever is curious to know the particulars relating to these *mountaineers*, may consult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynkyn de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such excrescences or tumours.

Fij

Quis

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?

STEEVENS.

Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders.—They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts."

MALONE.

328. —————men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts?—] Our author might have had this intelligence, likewise, from the translation of Pliny, B. V. chap. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breast."

STEEVENS.

330. *Each putter out, &c.*] This passage alluding to a forgotten custom, is very obscure: the *putter out* must be a traveller, else how could he give this account? the *five for one* is money to be received by him at his return. Mr. Theobald has well illustrated this passage by a quotation from Jonson.

JOHNSON.

The ancient custom was this: In this age of travelling it was customary for those who engaged in long expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo (it is Theobald's quotation) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid

paid me *five for one*, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople."

To this instance I may add another from *The Ball*, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639 :

" I did most politickly disburse my sums

" To have *five for one* at my return from Venice."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639 :

" I would I had put out something upon my return ;

" I had as lieve be at the Bermoothes."

STEEVENS.

Considerable sums of money were borrowed at the rate here mentioned, and squandered in making discoveries, and pursuing adventures with the hopes of acquiring immense treasures. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the poet speaks of *Guiana*, as a region, all gold and bounty ; and Falstaff, in allusion to the same idea, bids Nym sail like his pinnace to these golden shores.

HENLEY.

336. Enter Ariel like a harpy, &c.] Milton's *Par.*
Reg. B. II.

" _____ with that

" Both table and provisions vanish'd quite,

" With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard."

" At subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt

" Harpyiæ, & magnis quatunt clangoribus alas

" Diripiuntque dapes." Virg. Æn. iii.

STEEVENS.

337. *That hath to instrument this lower world, &c.]* i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its *instruments* to bring about its ends.

STEEVENS.

349. *One dowle that's in my plume; —]* The old copy exhibits the passage thus :

One *dowle* that's in my *plumbe* —

Bailey, in his Dictionary, says, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down.

Since the first appearance of this edition, my very industrious and learned correspondent, Mr. *Tollet*, of *Betley*, in *Staffordshire*, has enabled me to retract a too hasty censure on *Bailey*, to whom we were long indebted for our only *English Dictionary*. In a small book, entitled, *Humane Industry: or, A History of most Manual Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: “The wool-bearing trees in *Æthiopia*, which *Virgil* speaks of, and the *Eriophori Arbores* in *Theophrastus*, are not such trees as have a certain wool or *DOWL* upon the outside of them, as the small cotton, but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call *Cott*, the Grecians *Grossypium*, the Italians *Bombagio*, and we *Bombase*.”—There is a certain shell-fish in the sea, called *Pinna*, that bears a mossy *DQWL*, or wool, whereof cloth was spun and made.”—Again, page 95, “*Trichitis*, or the *hayrie* stone, by some Greek authors, and *Alumen plumaceum*, or *downy* alum, by the Latinists: this hair or *DOWL* is spun into thread, and weaved into cloth.” I have since discovered the

same

same word in *The Ploughman's Tale*, attributed to Chaucer, v. 3202 :

“ And swore by cock'is herte and blode,

“ He would tere him every *doule*.” STEEVENS.

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1670, interprets “young *dowle*” by *lanugo*. MALONE.

363. ——*whose wraths to guard you from, &c.*] The meaning, which is somewhat obscured by the expression, is——*a miserable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.* MALONE.

366. ——*clear life*—] Pure, blameless, innocent. JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon*: “ ——roots you *clear heavens*.”

STEEVENS.

370. ——*with good life*,] This seems a corruption. I know not in what sense *life* can here be used, unless for alacrity, liveliness, vigour; and in this sense the expression is harsh. Perhaps we may read—*with good list*, with good will, with sincere zeal for my service. I should have proposed—*with good lief*, in the same sense, but that I cannot find *lief* to be a substantive. *With good life* may however mean, with exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of their particular and distinct parts. So we say, he acted to the *life*. JOHNSON.

Thus in the 6th canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton :

“ Done for the last with such exceeding *life*,

“ As art therein with nature seem'd at strife.”

Good

Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, seems to be used for innocent jollity, as we now say a *bon vivant*: “Would you (says the *Clown*) have a love song, or a song of *good life*?” *Sir Toby* answers, “A love song, a love song!” “Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*) I care not for *good life*.” It is plain, from the character of the last speaker, that he was meant to mistake the sense in which *good life* is used by the *Clown*. It may therefore, in the *Tempest*, mean *honest alacrity*, or *cheerfulness*.

Life seems to be used in the chorus to the fifth act of *King Henry V.* with some meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of *Prospero*:

“Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*

“Be here presented.”

STEEVENS.

To do any thing with *good life* is still a provincial expression in the west of England, and signifies to do it with the full bent and energy of the mind:—“And *observation strange*,” is with such minute attention to the orders given, as to excite admiration.

HENLEY.

384. ——*bass my trespass.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough base sound.

JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, B. II. ch. xii.

“——the rolling sea resounding soft,

“In his big *base* them fitly answered.”

STEEVENS.

393. *Like poison given, &c.*] The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered, and were

then

then as certain in their effect, as they were subtle in their preparation. So in the celebrated libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, “ I heard him once my selfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my lord of Leicester, maintain, that poyson might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear present- ly, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed.”

STEEVENS.

395. —— *this ecstasy*] *Ecstasy* meant not anciently, as at present, *rapturous pleasure*, but alienation of mind. Mr. Locke has not inelegantly styled it *dream- ing with our eyes open.*

STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 3. —— *A THIRD of mine own life,*] The word *thread* was formerly spelt *third*; as appears from the following passage :

“ Long maist thou live, and when the sisters shall decree

“ To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life,

“ Then let him die,” &c.

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619, signat. c. 3.

HAWKINS.

“ *A thrid of my own life*” is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. *Prospero* considers himself as the *stock* or *parent-*

parent-tree, and his daughter as a fibre or portion of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in Markham's *English Husbandman*, edit. 1635, p. 146. "Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small thriddes or twist rootes you shall not cut at all." Again, *ibid* : " Every branch and *thrid* of the root." This is evidently the same word as *thread*, which is likewise spelt *thrid* by lord *Bacon*. TOLLET.

The late Mr. *Hawkins* has properly observed, that the word *thread* was anciently spelt *third*. So in *Lengua, &c.* 1607; and I could furnish many more instances :

" For as a subtle spider closely sitting
 " In centre of her web that spreadeth round,
 " If the least fly but touch the smallest *third*,
 " She feels it instantly."

The following quotation, however, should seem to place the meaning beyond all dispute. In *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529, is this passage :

" —one of worldly shaine's *children*, of his coun-
 tenance, and *THREDE* of his body." STEEVENS.

I meet with the same thought in *Tancred and Gis-
 mund*, a tragedy, 1592. Tancred, speaking of his
 intention to kill his daughter, says :

" Against all law of kinde, to shred in twaine
 " The golden *threede* that doth us both maintaine."

MALONE.

7. —strangely stood the test:—] Strangely is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement*, to a wonder;

the

the same is the sense in the foregoing scene, with
observation strange. JOHNSON.

8. —*my gift* :—] First folio, my guest. Rowe
first read *gift*. JOHNSON.

14. *If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies, &c.*] This, and
the passage in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*,

“ Untide I still my virgin knot will keepe,”
are manifest allusions to the zones of the ancients,
which were worn as guardians of chastity by marri-
ageable young women. *Puellæ, contra, nondum
viripotentes, hujusmodi zonis non utebantur: quod
videlicet immaturis virgunculis nullum, aut certe
minimum, a corruptoribus periculum immineret:*
quas propterea vocabant *άμιτρες*, nempe *discinctas*.
There is a passage in *NONNUS*, which will sufficiently
illustrate Prospero’s expression :

Κέρνες δίδυνος ἵκανε· καὶ ἀτρέμας ἀκρού ἰρύσσας,
Δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοο φυγάκιορα λύσατο μίτρης
Φειδομένην ταλάμην, μὴ ταρθένον ὑπνῷ οἰάσσον.

HENLEY.

19. *No sweet aspersion* ——] *Aspersion* is here used
in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*. At present it is
expressive only of calumny and detraction.

STEEVENS.

40. —*the rabble*,] The crew of meaner sprits.

JOHNSON.

48. ——————*Come, and go*—————

Each one, tripping on his toe,] So Milton,
“ Come,

“ Come, and trip it as you go

“ On the light fantastick toe.”

STEEVENS.

64. —*bring a corollary,*] That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *surplus*. *Carolaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary.

66. *No tongue;—*] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, “ *else*,” as we are afterwards told, “ *the spell is marred*.”

JOHNSON.

70. —*thatch'd with stover,—*] *Stover*, from *Estovers*, a law word, signifies an allowance in food or other necessaries of life. It is here used for provision in general for animals.

From the following instance, *stover* should mean the pointed blades of grass or corn:

“ Beard, be confin'd to neatness, that no hair

“ May *stover* up to prick my mistress' lip

“ More rude than bristles of a porcupine.”

Love's Sacrifice, 1633.

The word occurs again in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and
stover fit.”

Again, in his *Muse's Elysium*:

“ Their brows and *stover* waxing thin and scant.”

STEEVENS.

71. *Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims,*] The old edition reads *pioned and twilled brims*, which gave

rise to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote,

— with pioned and tilled brims.

Spenser and the author of *Muleasses the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, use *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it stands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled*, and it leaves us *tilled*. I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *tillied* brims, for Pliny, B. XXVII. ch. x. mentions the *water-lily* as a preserver of chastity; and says, elsewhere, that the *Peony medetur Faunorum in Quiet Ludibriis*, &c. In a poem entitled *The Herrings Tayle*, 4to. 1598, “the maiden *piony*” is introduced. In the *Arraignement of Paris*, 1584, are mentioned,

“ The watry flow’rs, and *lilies of the banks.*”

And Edward Fenton in his *Secret Wonders of Nature*, 4to. B. VI. 1569, asserts, that “ the *water-lily* mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensualitie, and defends from unchaste thoughts and dreames of venery.”

In the 20th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the Naiades are represented as making chaplets with all the tribe of aquatrick flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me, that Lyte's *Herbal* says, “ one kind of peonie is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie.”

In Ovid's *Banquet of Sense*, by Chapman, 1595, I met with the following stanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

“ White and red jasmines, merry, Melliphil,
 “ Fair crown imperial, emperor of flowers,
 “ Immortal amaranth, white aphrodite,
 “ And cup-like *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus
 bowers.”

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the present reading, *pioned* and *twilled*, may uncontroversibly stand.

STEEVENS.

Thy bank with pioned and twilled brims] Mr. Warton, in his notes upon Milton, after silently acquiescing in the substitution of *pioned* for *pioned*, produces from the ARCADES “Ladon's *lillied* banks,” as an example to countenance a further change of *twilled* to *lillied*, which, accordingly, Mr. Rann hath foisted into the text. But before such a licence is allowed, may it not be asked—If the word *pioned* can be anywhere found?—or (admitting such a verbal from *peony*, like Milton's *lillied* from *lily*, to exist)—On the banks of what river do peonies grow?—Or (if the banks of any river should be discovered to yield them) whether *they* and the *lilies* that, is common with them, betrim those banks, be the produce of *spungy APRIL*?—Or, whence it can be gathered that Iris here is at all speaking of the banks of a river?—and, whether, as the bank in question is the property, not of a water-nymph, but of Ceres, it is not to be considered as an object of *her* care?—Hither, the goddess of husbandry is represented as resorting because at the approach of spring, it becomes needful

to repair the banks (or mounds) of the *flat meads*, whose grass not only shooting sooner, but being more succulent than that of the *turfy mountains*, would, for want of this precaution, be devoured, and so the intended *stover* [hay, or *winter keep*] with which these *meads* are proleptically described as **THATCHED***, be lost.

The giving way and caving in of the *brims* of those banks, occasioned by the heat, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good, by opening the trenches from whence the banks themselves were at first raised, and facing them up afresh with the mire which those trenches contain. This being done, the *brims* of the *banks* are, in the poet's language, *pioned* and *twilled*.—Mr. Warton himself, in a note upon *Comus*, hath cited a passage in which *pioners* are explained to be *diggers* [rather *trenchers*], and Mr. Steevens mentions *Spenser* and the author of *Muleasses*, as both using *pioning* for *digging*. **TWILLED** is obviously formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which *Cotgrave* interprets *filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together*;

* Virgil hath used a similar anticipation, by which he beautifully intimates that his precept is founded on experience:

“ *Illa seges demum votis respondet avari*

“ *Agricolæ, bis quæ solem, bis frigora sensit;*

“ *Illius immensæ RUPERUNT horrea messes.*”

Georg. I. 47.

bedirt; *begrime*; *besmear*:—significations that join to confirm the explanation here given.

This bank with pionied and twilled brims is described, as trimmed, at the behest of Ceres, by spungy April, with flowers; to make cold nymphs chaste crowns. These flowers were neither *peonies* nor *lilies*, for they never blow at this season, but “lady-smocks all silver-white,” which, during this humid month, start up in abundance on such banks, and thrive like oats on the same kind of soil:—“*Avoine touillée croist comme enragée.*”—That *ou* changes into *w*, in words derived from the French, is apparent in *cordwainer*, from *cordouannier*, and many others. HENLEY.

73. —and thy broom groves,] A grove of *broom*, I believe, was never heard of, as it is a low shrub and not a tree. Hanmer reads *brown groves*.

STEEVENS.

Disappointed lovers are still said to wear the *willow*, and in these lines *broom groves* are assigned to that unfortunate tribe for a retreat. This may allude to some old custom. We still say that a husband *hangs out the broom* when his wife goes from home for a short time; and on such occasions a *broom besom* has been exhibited as a signal that the house was freed from *uxorial restraint*, and where the master might be considered as a temporary bachelor. *Broom grove* may signify *broom bushes*. See *Grava* in Cowel's Law Dict.

TOLLET.

75. *Being lass-lorn*;—] *Lass-lorn* is forsaken of his mistress. So, Spenser:

“ Who

“Who after that he had fair Una-torn,”

STEEVENS.

75. —*thy pole-clipt vineyard*;] To *clip* is to twine round or embrace. Thy poles are *clipt* or embraced by the vines. STEEVENS.

83. *My bosky acres, &c.*] *Bosky* is woody. *Bosquet*, Fr. So, Milton:

“And every bosky bourn from side to side.”

Again, in *King Edward I.* 1599:

“Hale him from hence, and in this *bosky* wood

“Bury his corps.” STEEVENS.

90. —*to this short grass'd green?*] The old copy reads *short-graz'd green*. *Short-graz'd green* means grazed so as to be short. The correction by Mr. Rowe.

STEEVENS.

115. *And—*] Omitted in the first folio. MALONE.

120. *Earth's increase,—*] All the editions that I have ever seen concur in placing this whole sonnet to Juno; but very absurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical history, and the distinct offices of these two goddesses, and who then seriously reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres' name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it.

THEOBALD.

—*foison plenty*;] i. e. plenty to the utmost abundance; *foison* signifying plenty. STEEVENS.

Foison, as Ray remarks in his *Collection of East-country words*, is used in Suffolk to signify—the natural juice or

G i j

moisture

moisture of grass or other herbs. It is in this sense that the word is here applied.

HENLEY.

129. *Harmonious charmingly* : —] Mr. Edwards would read,

Harmonious charming lay.

For though (says he) the benediction is sung by two goddesses, it is yet but one *lay* or *hymn*. I believe this passage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the sake of the verse, made the words change places; and then the meaning is sufficiently obvious.

STEEVENS.

A similar inversion occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"But miserable most to live unlov'd!" MALONE.

141. —*wand'ring brooks*,] The modern editors read *winding brooks*. The old copy—*windring*. I suppose we should read *wand'ring*, as it is here printed.

STEEVENS.

143. *Leave your crisp channels*, —] *Crisp*, i.e. *curling*, *winding*. Lat. *crispus*. So, *Henry IV.* P. I. act i. sc. iv. Hotspur speaking of the river Severn:

"And hid his *crisped* head in the hollow bank!"

Crisp, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters.

STEEVENS.

165. *And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision*, &c.] The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown; it was not, however, published before 1603. In the year 1603, the *Tragedy of Darius*, by

John Marston, was published for Lord

Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following passage :

“ Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,

“ Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd,
soon broken ;

“ And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,

“ All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.

“ Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,

“ With furniture superfluously fair,

“ Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring
walls,

“ Evanish all like vapours in the air.”

Lord Sterline's play must have been written before the death of queen *Elizabeth* (which happened on the 24th of March 1603), as it is dedicated to *James VI. King of Scots.*

Whoever should seek for this passage (as here quoted from the quarto, 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be disappointed, as Lord Sterline made considerable changes in all his plays, after their first publication.

STEEVENS.

169. *And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,*] *Faded* means here — “ *having vanished* ; ” from the Latin *vado*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*”

To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English *pageants* were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented

presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles, very costly ornaments were bestowed. So early as in the reign of King Henry VI. in a pageant presented on that monarch's triumphal entry into London, after his coronation at Paris, the Seven Liberal Sciences, personified, were introduced in a tabernacle of curious worke, from whence their queen, *Dame Sapience*, spoke verses. At entering the city, he was met and saluted in metre by three ladies (the dames *Nature*, *Grace*, and *Fortune*) richly cladde in golde and silkes, with coronets, who suddenly issued from a stately tower, hung with the most splendid arras. See *Fabian Chron.* Tom. II. fol. 382. *Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poet.* Vol. II. p. 190. 202.

MALONE.

170. *Leave not a rack behind:—* [n] “The winds” (says lord Bacon) “which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.”

The word is common to many authors contemporary

with Shakspere. So, in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ —— shall I stray

“ In the middle air, and stay

“ The sailing rack.” —

Again, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599 :

“ Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack.”

Again, in the prologue to the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“ We list not to ride the rolling rack that dims
the chrystal skies.”

Again, in Shakspere's 33d Sonnet :

“ Anon permits the basest clouds to ride

“ With ugly rack on his celestial face.”

Mr. Pennant in his Tour in Scotland observes, there is a fish called a *rack-rider*, because it appears in winter or bad weather. *Rack*, in the English of our author's days, signifying *the driving of the clouds by tempests*.

Sir T. H. instead of *rack* reads *track*, which may be supported by the following passage in the first scene of *Timon of Athens* :

“ But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

“ Leaving no tract behind.” STEEVENS.

Tract, I am persuaded, was the author's word, *Rack* is generally used for *a body of clouds*, or rather for *the course of clouds in motion*; so, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ That which is now a horse, even with a thought,

“ The rack dislimns.”

But

But no instance has yet been produced, where it is used to signify *a single small fleeting cloud*, in which sense only it is at all applicable here.

The stanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from Lord Sterline's *Darius*, may serve still further to confirm the conjecture, that one of these poets imitated the other.—Our author was, I believe, the imitator.

“ And when the eclipse comes of our glory’s light,
 “ Then what avails the adoring of our name;
 “ A mere *illusion made to mock the sight*,
 “ Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.”

MALONE.

Wreck, in former editions, and on Shakspere’s monument in Westminster-Abbey, could never have been the original reading; for objects that have only a visionary and insubstantial existence, can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and, consequently, no *wreck* behind them. The same observation is equally conclusive against *trail*: for what is the vestige of a phantom? The *RACK*, Shakspere’s expression, is in the seaman’s phrase, *the loftiest drift of clouds, resembling the milky way, and though perceptible, yet in a progressive state of evanescence.* HENLEY.

172. ——Sir, I am vexed;

Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled: Prospero here discovers a great emotion of anger on his sudden recollection of Caliban’s plot. This appears from the admirable reflection he makes on the insignificancy of human things. For thinking men

are

are never under greater depression of mind than when they moralize in this manner; and yet, if we turn to the occasion of his disorder, it does not appear, at first view, to be a thing capable of moving one in Prospero's circumstances; the plot of a contemptible *straw* and two drunken sailors, all of whom he had absolutely in his power. There was then no apprehension of danger. But if we look more nearly into the case, we shall have reason to admire our author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was something in it with which great minds are most deeply affected, and that is, *the sense of ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the obligations this Caliban lay under for the instructions he had given him, and the conveniences of life he had taught him to use. But these reflexions on Caliban's ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his brother's; and then these two working together, were very capable of producing all the disorder of passion here represented.—That these two, who had received at his hands the two best gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *regal power*, and the *use of reason*; that these, in return, should conspire against the life of the donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing.

WARBURTON.

181. *Thy thoughts I cleave to :]* To *cleave to*, is to *unite with closely*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Like our strange garments *cleave not to* their
mold.”

Again

Again—"If you shall cleave to my consent."

STEEVEN.

189. ———to meet with Caliban.] To meet with is to counteract; to play stratagem against stratagem.—The parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices, or advances their virtues. HERBERT's *Country Parson*.

JOHNSON.

194. Advanc'd their eye-lids, &c.] Thus Drayton, in his *Court of Fairie of Hobgoblin caught in a Spell*:

" But once the circle got within,
 " The charms to work do straight begin,
 " And he was caught as in a gin :
 " For as he thus was busy,
 " A pain he in his head-piece feels,
 " Against a stubbed tree he reels,
 " And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels :
 " Alas, his brain was dizzy.
 " At length upon his feet he gets,
 " Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets ;
 " And as again he forward sets,
 " And through the bushes scrambles,
 " A stump doth hit him in his pace,
 " Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
 " And lamentably tore his case
 " Among the briars and brambles."

JOHNSON.

197. ———pricking goss,—] I know not how Shakespeare distinguished goss from furze; for what he calls furze is called goss or gorse in the midland counties.

This

This word is used in the first chorus to Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595 :

"With worthless *gorse* that yearly, fruitless dies."

— *Hedgehog* *Thornbush* *Thornbush* *STEEVENS.*

By the latter, Shakspere means the low sort of *gorse* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well described by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry*. It has prickles like those on a rose-tree or a gooseberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinshed. *TOLLET.*

205. *For stale to catch these thieves.*] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is used to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

So in *A Looking Glass for London and England*, 1617 :

"Hence tools of wrath, *stales* of temptation!"

So in Green's *Mamillia*, 1595 : "—that she might not strike at the *stale*, lest she were canvassed in the nets." *STEEVENS.*

208. *Nurture can never stick*;—] *Nurture* is *education*. *STEEVENS.*

210. *And as, with age, his body uglier grows,*

So his mind cankers;—] Shakspere, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollecting what his patron's most intimate friend, the great lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of queen Elizabeth;— "that she grew old andanker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase;" — a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head; and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being manifestly

written in the time of king James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated. MALONE.

213. ——*the blind mole may not*

Hear a foot fall:—] Thus, in Euphues, p. 64. “Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better, *the mole beare lightlyer P*” REED.

240. *Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!*

Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!] The humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that king’s parsimony with regard to his wardrobe.—There are two stanzas of this ballad in *Othello*.

WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. PERCY.

243. ——*we know what belongs to a frippery:—*] A *frippery* was a shop where old clothes were sold. *Fripperie*, Fr.

Beaumont and Fletcher use it in this sense, in *Wit without Money*, act ii.

“As if I were a running *frippery*.”

So, in *Monsieur de Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: “Passing yesterday by the *frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder.”

The person who kept one of these shops, was called a *fripper*.

Strype,

Strype, in the life of Stowe, says, that these *frippers* lived in Birch-in-Lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

249. First edit. *Let's alone.* JOHNSON.

I believe the poet wrote,

—*Let it alone,*

And do the murder first.

The same expression had been just before used by Caliban. MALONE.

Let's alone may mean—Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us.

STEEVENS.

254. —*under the line:*] An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair. EDWARDS's MSS.

Perhaps the allusion is to a more indelicate disease than any peculiar to the equinoctial.

So in *The Noble Soldier*, 1632 :

“ Tis hot going under the *line* there.”

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659 :

“ —Look to the clime

“ Where you inhabit ; that's the torrid zone,

“ Yea, there goes the hair away.”

Shakspere seems to design an equivoque between the equinoctial and the girdle of a woman.

STEEVENS.

263. —*put some lime, &c.*] That is, *birdlime*.

JOHNSON.

Hij

266.

266. ——*to barnacles, or to apes*] Skinner says *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese. Hall, in his *Virgodemiarum*, Lib. IV. sat. 2. seems to favour this supposition:

“The Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,

“That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose,”
&c.

So likewise Marston, in his *Malecontent*, 1604:

“——like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,

“Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose.”

“There are (says Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597, page 1391) in the north parts of Scotland, certaine trees, whereon do grow shell-fishes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England *brant geese*; and in Lancashire *tree geese*,” &c.

This vulgar error deserves no serious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinshed (Vol. I. p. 38.) who declares himself to have seen the feathers of these *barnacles* “hang out of the shell at least two inches.” And in the 27th song of Drayton’s *Poly. allbion*, the same account of their generation is given.

—**COLLINS.**

267. *With foreheads villainous low.*] *Low* foreheads were anciently reckoned among deformities. So in the old bl. let. ballad, entitled, *A Peerlesse Paragon*:

“Her beetle brows all men admire,

“Her forehead wondrous low.” **STEEVENS.**

273. *A noise of hunters heard.*—] Shakspere might have had in view “*Arthur's chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntsmen with an exceeding great sound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of some wild beast.” See a *Treatise of Spectres* translated from the French of Peter de Loier, and published in quarto, 1605.

GREY.

ACT V.

Line 2. *AND time*

Goes upright with his carriage.—] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wish. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faltering under his burthen.

STEEVENS.

25. *—a touch, a feeling*] *A touch is a sensation.*
So in *Cymbeline*:

“*—a touch more rare*

“*Subdues all pangs, all fears.*”

So in the 141st sonnet of Shakspere:

“*Nor tender feeling to base touches prone.*”

Again, in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, B. I.

“*I know not how their death gives such a touch.*”

STEEVENS.

27. —————that relish all as sharply,

Passion as they, —————] Passion is a verb in Shakspere. I feel every thing with the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same passions as they are. So in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Dumbly she *passions*, frantickly she doateth.” Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 1.

“————I *passion* to say wherewith.”

A similar thought occurs in *K. Richard II.*

“Taste grief, need friends, like you,” &c.

STEEVENS.

—38. *Ye elves of hills, of standing lakes, and groves;*] This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from Medea's in *Ovid*: and, “it proves, says Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakspere was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of enchantments.” The original lines are these:

“Auræque, et venti, montesque, amnesque,
lacusque,

“Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis,
adeste.”

The translation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakspere hath closely followed it.

FARMER.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole passage with Medea's speech as translated by Golding, will see evidently that Shakspere copied the translation, and not the original. The particular expressions

expressions that seem to have made an impression on his mind are printed in Italicks :

“ Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills, of brooks,*
of woodes alone,

“ Of standing *lakes* and of the night, approche ye
everych one.

“ *Through help of whom* (the crooked bankes much
wondering at the thing)

“ I have compelled stremes to run clean back-
ward to their spring.

“ By charms I make the calm sea rough, and
make the rough seas playne,

“ And cover all the skie with clouds, and *chase*
them thence again.

“ *By charmes I raise and lay the winder,* and burst
the viper’s jaw,

“ And from the bowels of the earth both stones
and trees do draw.

“ Whole woods and forrests I remove, *I make the*
mountains shake,

“ And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully
to quake.

“ *I call up dead men from their graves,* and thee,
O lightsome moone,

“ I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy
peril soone.

“ Our sorcerie *dimmes,* the morning faire, and
darks the sun at noone.

“ The

“ The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched
for my sake,

“ And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended
yoke to take.

“ Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal
warre did set,

“ And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes
were never shet.”

MALONE.

38. *Ye elves of hills, &c.]* Fairies and *elves* are frequently in the poets mentioned together, without any distinction of character that I can recollect. Keysler says, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *English*, equally signified a mountain, or a *daemon* of the mountains. This seems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions *elves* or *fairies* of the mountains of the woods, of the sea and fountains, without any distinction between *elves* and *fairies*.

FOLLET.

39. —————with *printless* foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, —] So Milton in his *Masque*:

“ Whilst from off the waters fleet,

“ Thus I set my *printless* feet.”

STEEVENS.

46. (*Weak masters though ye be*) —] The meaning of this passage may be, *Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers — though you possess them but in a low degree.* Spenser uses the same kind of expression, B. III. cant. 8, st. 4.

“ Where she (the witch) was wont her sprights
to entertain,

“ The

“ *The masters of her art* : there was she fain
“ To call them all in order to her aid.”

STEEVENS.

—*by whose aid,*

(*Weak masters though ye be*) That is ; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves ;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song ;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say proverbially, “ *Fire is a good servant, but a bad master.*”

BLACKSTONE.

63. *A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! there stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.*] What can Prospero

mean by desiring them to *cure their brains*, which he had himself disturbed, and which he knew it was not in their power to compose ?—He indeed could settle them, and for that purpose ordered the musick to be played. It may, however, be said, that these words are to be understood as optative ;—“ *May a solemn air, &c. cure thy brains!*”—and so the passage has been printed in the late editions. But (not to insist on the awkwardness of the expression, and that Prospero, if that had been his meaning, speaking of musick that had been already played, would have said *This solemn air*—) is not such an interpretation totally inconsistent with the words immediately subjoined ?

—*there*

—there stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.

The only ancient copy reads *boil*, which the modern editors, understanding *cure* to be a verb, were forced to change to *boil'd*. But the old reading is, I think, right; and the whole passage, if regulated thus, with the addition of a single letter, perfectly clear :

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy's cure!—Thy brains,
Now useless, boil within tky skull; there stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.

So, in *King John*:

My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's cure.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

—confusion's cure
Lives not in these confusions.

Prospero begins by observing that the air which had been played was admirably adapted for his purpose. He then addresses Gonzalo and the rest, who had only just before gone into the circle. "Thy brains, now useless, boil within thy skull," &c. [the soothing strain not having yet begun to operate.] Afterwards, perceiving that the musick begins to have the effect intended, he adds—"The charm dissolves apace."

In *The Winter's Tale* we again meet with the singular expression contained in the latter lines of this passage: "Would any but these *boil'd brains* of nineteen and two and twenty hunt, this weather?"

Again,

Again, in Lord Burleigh's *Precepts to his Son* :—
" and if perchance their *boiling brains* yield a quaint
scoffe, they will travel to be delivered of it, as a
woman with child." MALONE.

65. —boil'd within thy skull!—] So, in the
Midsummer Night's Dream:

"Lovers and madmen have such *seething brains*,"
 &c. STEEVENS.

79. *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,*] Thus the old copy: Theobald points the pas-
sage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and
 blood. STEEVENS.

97. *After summer, merrily*:] This is the reading
of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted
sun-set, because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in
this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance
is given only to design the *time of night* in which fairies
travel. One would think the consideration of the
circumstances should have set him right. Ariel was
a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of
Prospero to a constant attendance on his occasions.
So that he was confined to the island winter and sum-
mer. But the roughness of winter is represented by
Shakspere as disagreeable to fairies, and such like
delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly fol-
low *summer*. Was not this then the most agreeable
circumstance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that
he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite
round

round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line:

There I couch when owls do cry.

Where? in the *cowslip's bell*, and *where the bee sucks*, he tells us: this must needs be in *summer*. *When?* *when owls cry*; and this is in *winter*:

“When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,

“Then nightly sings the staring owl.”

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The consequence is, that *Ariel flies after summer*. Yet the Oxford editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the island summer and winter, as he was sometimes sent on so long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he says, *On the bat's back I do fly*, &c. he speaks of his present situation only, nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the last couplet:

Merrily, merrily, &c.

The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify, *not that he pursues summer*, but that *after summer is past*, he rides upon the soft down of a bat's back, which suits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being.

Shakspere, who, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. Owls cry not in winter. It is well known that they are to the full

full as clamorous in summer ; and as a proof of it, Titania, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the time of which is supposed to be May, commands her fairies to—*keep back*

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots. —

STEVENS.

107. *I drink the air* —] Is an expression of swiftness of the same kind, as to *devour the way* in *Henry IV.* JOHNSON.

125. *Thy dukedom I resign* ; —] The dutchy of Milan being through the treachery of Anthonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future.

STEVENS.

149. — *who three hours since*] The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation, and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many other passages, as well as here, it should seem as if it were not accidental, but purposely designed to shew the admirers of Ben Jonson's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critick's fetters.

The *boatswain* marks the progress of the day again — *which but three glasses since*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the stage is particularly ascertained ; and it refers to a

passage in the first act, of the same tendency. The storm was raised at least two glasses after mid-day, and Ariel was promised that the work should cease at the sixth hour.

STEEVENS.

153. *I am woe for't, sir.]* i. e. *I am sorry for it.* *To be woe* is often used by old writers to signify, *to be sorry.* So Chaucer. See *The Court of Love*, p. 36;

“ I wolde be wo,

“ That I presume to her to writin so.”

So, in the play of *The Four P's*, 1569 :

“ But be ye sure I would be woe,

“ That you should chance to begyle me so.”

STEEVENS.

161. *As great to me, as late ; —]* My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me.

JOHNSON.

192. *Yes, for a score of kingdoms, —]* I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world*; yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the *world*, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you after a little *wrangle*, that your play was *fair*. So likewise Dr. Grey. JOHNSON. I would recommend another punctuation, and then the sense would be as follows :

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play ;
 because such a contest would be worthy of you.

STEEVENS.

225. *Let us not burden our remembrance, —]*

The

The old copy has—*remembrances*. The emendation was Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

241. When *no man was his own.*] For *when* perhaps should be read *where*. JOHNSON.

When is certainly right; *i. e.* *at a time when* no one was in his senses. Shakspere could not have written *where* [*i. e.* in the island], because the mind of Prospero, who lived in it, had not been disordered. It is still said, in colloquial language, that a madman *is not his own man*, *i. e.* is not master of himself.

STEEVENS.

258. *My tricksy spirit!*] Is, I believe, my clever, adroit spirit. Shakspere uses the same word elsewhere:

“ —that for a *tricksy* word

“ Defy the matter.”

So in the interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, bl. let. no date:

“ —invent and seek out

“ To make them go *tricksie*, gallaunt, and cleane.”

STEEVENS.

262. —*dead asleep*,] The old copy reads—*of* sleep. The emendation by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

277. —*Conduct*—] For conductor. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ Come, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct*.”

STEEVENS.

Conduct is yet used in the same sense: the person at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is still so styled. HENLEY.

280. ~~comes and~~ with beating on
The strangeness, &c.] A similar expression occurs in one of the parts of *Henry IV.*

“ ~~comes and~~ your thoughts

“ Beat on a crown.”

Beating may mean hammering, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. So in the preface to Stanyhurst's *Translation of Virgil*, 1589: “ For my part, I purpose not to beat on everye childish tittle that concerneth prosodie.” Again, Miranda, in the second scene of this play, tells her father that the storm is still beating in her mind. STEEVENS.

~~comes and~~ with beating on

The strangeness—] The same phrase is found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1634 :

“ This her mind beats on.”

The jailor's daughter, whose mind was disordered, is the person spoken of.

A kindred expression occurs in *Hamlet*:

“ Cudgel thy brains no more about it.”

MALONE.

283. (*Which to you shall seem probable*)] These words seem, at the first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will resolve you, by yourself, which method, when you hear the story [of Anthonio's and Sebastian's plot], shall seem probable; that is, shall deserve your approbation. JOHNSON.

Surely

Surely Prospero's meaning is : "I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends ; which means, though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear otherwise." "soft hollie Bob" ANONYMOUS.

292. ——*Coragio!*] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's *Translation of Montaigne*, 1603 :

“ ——You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça.” Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598.

STEVENS.

304. ——*true* : ——] That is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*. The sense is, *Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.* JOHNSON.

305. ——*and one so strong*

That could controul the moon, ——] From Medea's speech in Ovid (as translated by Golding) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft :

“ ——*and thee, O lightsome moon,*
“ *I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy*
“ *peril soon.*” MALONE.

316. *And Trinculo is reeling ripe ; where should they*
Find this grand LIQUOR that hath gilded them ?]

Shakspere, to be sure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand Elixir* of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile* ; which Shakspere alluded to in the

the word *gilded*, as he does again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ How much art thou unlike Mark Antony :

“ Yet coming from him, that great medicine hath

“ With his tinct gilded thee ”

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the chemists, sack was the only restorer of youth and bestower of immortality. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour* :—

“ Canarie the very *Elixar* and spirit of wine.” This seems to have been the cant name for sack, of which the English were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, speaking of it, says, —

“ A pottle of *Elixar* at the Pegasus bravely ca-
roused.” [So again in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*,
act iii.]

“ —Old reverend sack, which, for ought that
(gathered) I can read yet, —

“ Was that philosopher's stone the wise king
Ptolemeus

“ Did all his wonders by.” —

THE END.



Surely Prospero's meaning is : " I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends ; which means, though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear otherwise." *—* about being said **ANONYMOUS.**

302. ——*Coragio!*] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's *Translation of Montaigne*, 1603 :

" ——You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça." Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598.

STEEVENS.

304. ——*true : —*] That is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*. The sense is, *Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.* about a foolish night **JOHNSON.**

305. ——*and one so strong*

That could controul the moon, —] From Medea's speech in Ovid (as translated by Golding) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft :

" ——and thee, O lightsome moon,

" I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon." about an accident **MALONE.**

316. *And Trinculo is reeling ripe ; where should they find this grand LIQUOR that hath gilded them ?*] Shakspere, to be sure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand Elixir* of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile* ; which Shakspere alluded to in the

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"A pottle of *Elixar* at the Pegasus bravely caroused."

So again in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, act iii.

"—Old reverend sack, which, for ought that

I can read yet,

"Was that philosopher's stone the wise king

Ptolemeus

"Did all his wonders by."—

The phrase too of being *gilded* was a trite one on this occasion. Fletcher, in his *Chances*:

"Duke. Is she not drunk too?—Whore. A little gilded o'er, sir; old

sack, old sack, boys!"

WARBURTON.

As the alchymist's *Elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand, and the allusion holds good without any alteration.

STEEVENS.

394. —*fly-blown*.] This pickle alludes to their
plunge

plunge into the stinking pool ; and *pickling* preserves meat from *fly-blown*. STEEVENS.

323. ——*but a cramp.*] *i. e.* I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the soreness occasioned by them. In the next line the speaker confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *sore*. STEEVENS.

E P I L O G U E.

Line 10. *WITH the help, &c.]* By your applause, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. So twice before in this play :

No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent.

Again :

—hush ! be mute,

Or else our *spell is marr'd.*

STEEVENS.

15. *And my ending is despair,*

Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON.

THE END.

STANLEY

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THE TEMPLAR

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*TWO GENTLEMEN
O F
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B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

*Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,*

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
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Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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M DCC LXXXVI.

МАКЕДОНИЯ

АУДИЕН

ДЛЯ ШАКСПЕРЕ

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FABLE AND COMPOSITION OF

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

V E R O N A.

SOME of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, book i. chap. 6. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. (*The Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in *Twelftib Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels.

STEVENS.

Mrs. Lenox observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of *Proteus* and *Julia* might be taken from a similar one in the *Diana* of *George of Montemayor*.—“This pastoral romance,” says she, “was translated from the Spanish in Shakspere’s time.” I have seen no earlier translation, than that of *Bartholomew Yong*, who dates his dedication in November 1598, and *Meres*, in his *Wit’s Treasury*, printed the same year, expressly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed *Montemayor* was translated two or three years before,

by one *Thomas Wilson*; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published entirely; perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However, Mr. Steevens says, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *novelists*.

FARMER.

There is no earlier translation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, September 1598. Many translations, however, after they were licensed, were capriciously suppressed. Among others, "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace Florentine," was "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands." I much lament having never met with a work entitled, "A Catalogue for Englishe printed Bookes," entered at Stationers' Hall, May 8, 1595.

STEEVENS.

It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote.

POPE.

It may very well be doubted, whether Shakspere had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest.

HANMER.

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakspere's *worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere*. How otherwise, says he, do painters distinguish copies from originals, and have not authors their peculiar style and manner from which a true critic can form an unerring judgment as a painter? I am afraid this illustration

tration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling these, by which critics know a translation, which if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known, but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand, the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspere. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions, it has neither many diversities of cha-

racter, nor striking delineations of life, but it abounds in *grace* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Protheus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspere, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakspere might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.

JOHNSON.

VI. 16

WILLIAM, JOHN, and JAMES,

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Duke of Milan, Father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTHEUS, }

ANTHONIO, Father to Proteus.

THURIO, a Foolish Rival to Valentine.

EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her Escape.
Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Out-Laws.

SPEED, a Clownish Servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.

PANTHINO, Servant to Anthonio.

WOMEN.

JULIA, a Lady of Verona, beloved of Proteus.

SILVIA, the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.

LUCETTA, Waiting-Woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place in Verona. Enter VALENTINE, and
PROTHEUS.

Valentine.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender day
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,

Wear

Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans; Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you; 40
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime, 59
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expecting my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no; now let us take our leave.

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend; 60
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val.

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[Exit,

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you : Saw you my master ?

71

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already ;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

81

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the

sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep. 89

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to
Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons. 100

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod? 110

[*SPEED* nods.]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.

B

Speed.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I said, she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

121

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

120

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

121

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed.

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains.
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have
testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry
your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you
to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from
wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:— 150
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Changes to JULIA's Chamber. Enter JULIA, and
LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Juc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my
mind 160

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Bij

Luc.

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat and fine ;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio ?

Luc. Well, of his wealth ; but, of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus ?

Luc. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

Jul. How now ? what means this passion at his
name ?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest ?

Luc. Then thus—of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason ?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on
him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their
love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their
love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia—Say, from whom ?

Luc.

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say ; who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from
Protheus :

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I
pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?
To whisper and conspire against my youth ?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd ;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[Exit.]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view ?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay.*
Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love, 211
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here !
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

B i i j

When

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile !
 My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past :—
 What ho ! Lucetta !

220

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time ?
Luc. I would, it were ;
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
 Took up so gingerly ?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then ?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

230

Jul. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :
 Give me a note ; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

240

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you ?

Luc.

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song :—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

250

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Protheus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation !— [Tears it.

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie :

You would be fingering them, to anger me. 260

Luc. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words !

Injurious wasps ; to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia ;—unkind Julia !

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones, 270

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus :—

Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down:
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock, 280
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ—
Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,
To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go. 290

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales
 here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you
 see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

ANTHONIO's House. Enter ANTHONIO, and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ? 300

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him ?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship Would suffer him to spend his youth at home ; While other men, of slender reputation, Put forth their sons to seek preferment out : Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ; Some, to discover islands far away ; Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises, 310
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet ;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time ;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world : 320
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time :
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

Pant.

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither :
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ; 330
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known ;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-
phonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor, 340
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company ; with them shall Protheus go :
And, in good time—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :
Oh ! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents !
Oh heavenly Julia ! 349

Ant. How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will, 360
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory. 370

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after
thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [Exe. ANT. and PANT.
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,

Lest

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day;
 Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
 He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
 And yet a thousand times it answers, No.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and SPEED.

Speed.

SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be your's; for this is
 but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
 Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val.

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bad you call her? 10

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you ? nay, that's certain ; for, without you were so simple, none else would : but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal ; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady. 41

Val. But, tell me, do'st thou know my lady Silvia ?

Speed. She, that your gaze on so, as she sits at supper ?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that ? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not ?

Speed. Is she not hard favour'd, sir ?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 50

Val. What dost thou know ?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted ? and how out of count ?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty. 59

Val. How esteem'st thou me ? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd ?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her ; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why ?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes ; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Protheus for going ungarter'd !

Val. What should I see then ?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity : for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose ; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love ; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir ; I was in love with my bed : I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for your's.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you ?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them ; — Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding pup-
pet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good mor-
rows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even! here's a million
of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thou-
sand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives
it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of your's;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly
done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes, 110
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much
pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more. 120

Speed.

Speed. And yet you will ; and yet another yet. 2
morn oT [Aside.

Val. What means your ladyship ? do you not like
.straight
 it ?

Sil. Yes, yes ! the lines are very quaintly writ :
 But since unwillingly, take them again ; yel. hong
 Nay, take them. m OF THE YOUNG MISTRESS, yel. W. 189

Val. Madam, they are for you. Assy.

Sil. Ay, ay ; you writ them, sir, at my request ; of
 But I will none of them ; they are for you : m N
 I would have had them writ more movingly. 189

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another. q

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over :
 And, if it please you, so ; if not, why, so. 189

Val. If it please me, madam ? what then ? m N

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour ;
 And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, m N
 As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeple ! Le hoo ; m OF THE YOUNG MISTRESS, yel. W.
 My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her suitor,
 He being her pupil, to become her tutor. 189
 O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?
 That my master, being the scribe, to himself should
 write the letter ? — 189

Val. How now, sir ? what are you reasoning with
 yourself ? m N

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming : 'tis you that have the
 reason. m N

Val. To do what ? m N

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she, when she made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind dis-

cover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd

by

by my victuals, and would fain have meat : Oh be not like your mistress ; be moved, be moved !

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

JULIA'S House at Verona. Enter PROTHEUS, and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner :

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. 180

[Giving a Ring.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange ; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy :
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !
My father stays my coming ; answer not ;
The tide is now : nay, not thy tide of tears ;
That tide will stay me longer than I should : 190

[Exit JULIA.

Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?

Ay,

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

Arch 1691894-47 *Exempt*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe

16

is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so neither ;—yes, it is so, it is so ; it hath the worser sole : This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father ; A vengeance on't ! there 'tis : now, sir, this staff is my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid ; I am the dog :—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself ; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father ; Father, your blessing ; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping ; now should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on : now come I to my mother ;—oh, that she could speak now like a wood woman !—well, I kiss her ;—why there 'tis ; here's my mother's breath up and down : now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes : now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

230

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard ; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter ? why weep'st thou, man ? Away, ass ; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost ; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide ?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here ; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'l lose the flood ; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage ; and, in losing

losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide? Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Enter

VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

270

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

281

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

291

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val.

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. 299

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful 310 To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for, from our infancy

320
We

We have convers'd, and spent our hours together :
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection ;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth 330
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir ; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates ;
And here he means to spend his time a while :
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you. 340

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth ;
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir Thurio :—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it :
I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty. 350

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself ;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus ! — Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour. 360

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability : —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else. 370

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed :
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome !

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Serv.] Come, Sir Thurio, Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs; 380 When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, and THURIO.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do your's?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chanc'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

Dij

O, gentle

O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord ;
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
 There is no woe to his correction,
 Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :
 Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me ! for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
 And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
 Yet let her be a principality,
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
 She shall be dignified with this high honour—
 To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
 And, of so great a favour growing proud,
 Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
 And make rough winter everlastingly.

430

Pro.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our

marriage hour;

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.

Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:

I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— [Exit VAL.
Even as one heat another heat expels, 460
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was. 470
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled so my reason's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind. 480
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A Street. Enter SPEED, and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st? 510

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will. 519

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master. 531

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun.

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the alehouse with a Christian: wilt thou go? 540

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 550
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose: 560
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;

If

If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still more precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 570
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor:
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter: 580
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE VII.

JULIA'S House in Verona. Enter JULIA, and LU-
 CETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me! 11
 And,

And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake 590
A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in, 600
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns:

The current, that with gentle murmur glides, 609
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ; 680
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?

Jul. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men :
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots ; 690
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches ?

Jul. That fits as well, as — “ tell me, good my
lord,

“ What compass will you wear your farthingale ? ”
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a
pin,

Unless

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on. 640

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly;
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go
not. 650

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone: 650
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; 660
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come
to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that
wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,
 To take a note of what I stand in need of,
 To furnish me upon my longing journey.
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, 670
 My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
 Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace in Milan. Enter Duke, THURIO, and PROTHEUS.

Duke.

SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while ;
 We have some secrets to confer about. —

[Exit THURIO.] Now, tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would dis-
 cover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal :
 But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am, 10
 My duty pricks me on to utter that
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
 This night intends to steal away your daughter ;

Myself

Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down, 20
Being un prevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest
care ;

Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man
(A rashness that I ever yet have shun'n'd), 30
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ; 40

For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently ;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit Pro.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter ; stay with me a while ;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought 61
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the
match 62
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :

Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, forward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father;

And, may I say to thee, this pride of her's,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here, 81

Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,

And nought esteems my aged eloquence:

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor

(For long agone I have forgot to court;

Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd),

How, and which way, I may bestow myself,

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,

More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman scorns sometimes what best contents

her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;

For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you :
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
 For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
 For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away* :
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
 Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
 And kept severely from resort of men,
 That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night. 110

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
 safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the grotnd ;
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
 Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
 To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
 Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
 So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
 Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child, That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone; How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it Under a cloak, that is of any length. 130

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak; I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?— I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.— What letter is this same? what's here?—

[To SILVIA?]

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. 140

[Duke reads.]

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly:
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
 Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
 While I, their king, that thither them importune,
 Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
 Because myself do want my servant's fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
 That they should harbour where their lord would be. 150

What's

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee;*
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son),
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence: 160
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit.]
Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-
ment? 170
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And *Silvia* is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,

There

There is no musick in the nightingale ;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180
There is no day for me to look upon ;
She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :
Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTHEUS, and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho ! so-ho !

Pro. What see'st thou ?

190

Laun. Him we go to find : there's not a hair
On's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine ?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then ? his spirit ?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then ?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak ? master, shall I strike ?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike ?

200

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you --

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear : Friend Valentine, a
word.

Val.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—

Hath she forsown me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsown me!— What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, oh, that is the news, From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit. Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom (Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force), A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears: Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd; With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe: But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But

III.
ood
110
are
ws,
220
me
280
But

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word, that thou
speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 245

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val.

Val. O my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

260

[*Exeunt VALENTINE, and PROTHEUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave : but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love : yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman : but what woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid : yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips : yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-s spaniel—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a Paper*] of her conditions. *Imprimis, She can fetch and carry :* Why, a horse can do no more : nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore, is she better than a jade. *Item, She can milk, look you ; A sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.*

277

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce ? what news with your mastership ?

Laun. With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word : What news then in your paper ?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st,

Speed. Why, man, how black ?

Laun. Why, as black as ink,

Speed. Let me read them.

285

Laun.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head ; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee : Tell me this : Who begot thee ?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother : this proves, that thou canst not read.

292

Speed. Come, fool, come : try me in thy paper.

Laun. There ; and St. Nicholas be thy speed !

Speed. *Imprimis, She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item, She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. *Item, She can sew.*

300

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so ?

Speed. *Item, She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. *Item, She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue ; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item, She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

310

Speed. *Item, She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Bastard virtues ; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, She is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, She is proud.

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, She hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, She is curst.

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, She is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down, she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that

that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more. 351

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit—*

Laun. More hair than wit—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—*And more faults than hairs—*

Laun. That's monstrous: Oh, that that were out!

Speed.—*And more wealth than faults.* 360

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me!

Laun. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him? 370

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter ; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets !—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and THURIO, and PROTHEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. 380

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice ; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— How now, Sir Protheus ? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone ? 390

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe ; but Thurio thinks not so.— Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee (For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert), Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace. 399

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio ?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent ; 410
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman ;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
him, 420
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none, 430
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this
kind ;

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind,
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy, 440
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, Much is the force of heaven-bred
poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty 450
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write, till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :—

For

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window 460
With some sweet concert : to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump ; the night's dead silence,
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in
love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick :
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn, 470
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after
supper ;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest, leading towards Mantua. Enter certain Out-Laws.

1 Out-Law.

FELLOWS, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE, and SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us what you have about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose, A man I am, cross'd with adversity: My riches are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out.

1 Out. Whence came you ?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there ?

Val. Some sixteen months ; and longer might have
staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so :
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues ?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him : sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ;

40

It is a kind of honourable thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 Out. Tell us this ; Have you any thing to take
to ?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 Out.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and niece ally'd unto the duke. 50

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want—

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you : 61
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
consort;
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd. 70

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got ;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Under SILVIA's Apartment in Milan. Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commanding him, 82
I have access my own love to prefer ;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd :
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope, 90
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio : now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

100

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a Distance; and JULIA in Boy's Clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

110

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

120

Is she kind, as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing,

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

130

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

140

G

Jul.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman? 151

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady. 160

Jul. Peace! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels. 160

Thu. Where meet we? 160

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewel. [Exeunt THURIO, and Musick.]

SILVIA appears above, at her Window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen: Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, 160

You'd

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Prothēus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

171

Pro. That I may compass your's.

Sil. You have your wish ; my will is even this—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduc'd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows ?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me—by this pale queen of night, I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;

And by and bye intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be, yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd ; And art thou not ashame'd

To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside.] If 'twere a substance, you would,
sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood, shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTHEUS, and SILVIA.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think,
'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
 Entreated me to call, and know her mind ;
 There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
 Madam, madam !

SILVIA, above at her Window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ;
 One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. 231
 According to your ladyship's impose,
 I am thus early come to know what service
 It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman
 (Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not),
 Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
 Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
 I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry 240
 Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
 Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,
 No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
 As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd,
 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

G i i j

Sir

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
 To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company,
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose. 250
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keep me from a most unholy match,
 Which heaven, and fortune, still reward with
 plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me:
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone. 260

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you;
 Recking as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession. 270

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
 Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.]



Act 4. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. Scene 3^d



Rhamberg del.^t

Grignion sculp.^t

M. QUICK in LAUNCE.

here I have brought him back again.

Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand London Jan⁷ 1785.

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes no more ado, but whips me out

out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

312

Enter PROTHEUS, and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I'll do, sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant, [To LAUNCE. Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel? 320
Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun.

Laun. Ay, sir ; the other squirrel was stol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place : and then I offer'd her mine own ; who is a dog as big as ten of your's, and therefore the gift the greater. 331

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say ; Stay'st thou to vex me here ?
A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[Exit LAUNCE.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt ;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour ; 340
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth :
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia :
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token :

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so ; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas !

350

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, alas ?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her ?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As

As you do love your lady Silvia :
 She dreams on him, that has forgot her love ;
 You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
 'Tis pity love should be so contrary,
 And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas !

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal 360
 This letter ;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
 I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
 Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit PROTHEUS.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message ?
 Alas, poor Protheus ! thou hast entertain'd
 A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :
 Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him
 That with his very heart despiseth me ?
 Because he loves her, he despiseth me ; 370
 Because I love him, I must pity him.
 This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will :
 And now I am (unhappy messenger)
 To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;
 To carry that, which I would have refus'd ;
 To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true confirmed love ;
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 380
 Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter

Enter SILVIA.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture? 390

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[Picture brought.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

—Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again. 400

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His

His Julia gave it him at his departure : 410
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times. 420

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Protheus hath forsook
her.

Jul. I think she doth ; and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, 430
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown ;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me :
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good, 440
For I did play a lamentable part :
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight ;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth :—
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words. 450
Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewel. [Exit SILVIA.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful,
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much,
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine 460
Were full as lovely as is this of her's :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass ; and so are mine :
 Ay, but her forehead's low ; and mine's as high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective in myself, 470
 If this fond love were not a blinded god ?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friar's Cell, in Milan. Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eglamour.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky ;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time ;
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes : Lady, a happy evening.

Enter

Enter SILVIA.

Sil. Amen, amen ! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall ;
I fear, I am attended by some spies. 10

Egl. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Enter THURIO,
PROTHEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was ;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No ; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face ? 20

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,
" Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [Aside.

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and
peace ? 29

Hij

Jul.

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

[*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

[*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease. 41

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio? Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company. 50

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both, As he in penance wander'd through the forest: Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she; But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it: Besides, she did intend confession

At

At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently ; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot 60
 That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled :
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit Duke.]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her :
 I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Forest. Enter SILVIA, and Out-Laws.

1 Out. Come, come ; 71
 Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us ;
 But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
 There is our captain ; we'll follow him that's fled ; 80

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's
cave :

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Out-Laws' Cave in the Forest. Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes, 90
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—
What hallowing, and what stir, is this to-day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace : 100
They love me well ; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine ; Who's this comes here ?

{ *VAL. steps aside.*

Enter



THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Out, come, I'll bring you to our Captain's house.

Act 3

A. Smith Sculp.

London Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand July 20 1786.



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H

Enter PROTHEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth),
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look ;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. 110

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [Aside.]

Sil. Had I been seized by an hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Protheus rescue me. 120
Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Protheus :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's be-
lov'd.

130

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend ?

140

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. Oh heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;
Thou friend of an ill fashion !

Pro. Valentine !

150

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love

(For such is a friend now) ; treacherous man !
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me : Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive ; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,

But

But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 159
The private wound is deepest: Oh time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:— 171
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [Faints.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the
matter?
Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done. 180

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a Ring.]

Pro. How! let me see!
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another Ring.]

Pro.

Pro. But, how cam's thou by this ring ? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ; And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ! Julia ?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain'd them deeply in her heart : How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root ? Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush ! Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me Such an immodest raiment ; if shame live In a disguise of love : It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds ! 'tis true : oh heaven ! were man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins : Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins : What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either : Let me be blest to make this happy close ; 'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-Laws, with Duke and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize !

Val.

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath: 220
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done, 230
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy. 241
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities ;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd, from their exile :
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord. 250

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd : I pardon them, and thee ;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go ; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord ; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ? 260

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Protheus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered :
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Exeunt omnes.

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

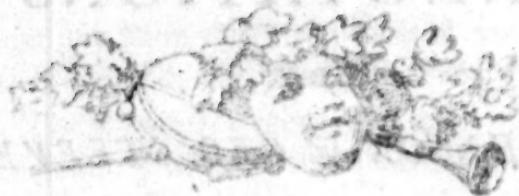
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M DCC LXXXVII.

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ANNOTATIONS UPON TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

ACT I.

Line 2. *HOME-KEEPING* youth have ever homely
wits:] Milton has the same play on words:

“It is for homely features to keep home,

“They had their name thence.” STEEVENS.

8. —shapeless idleness.] The expression is fine,
as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form
or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

27. —nay, give me not the boots.] A prover-
bial expression, though now disused, signifying, don’t
make a laughing-stock of me; don’t play with me.

Aij

The

The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots*; to sell him a bargain.

Perhaps this expression took its origin from a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I meet with the same expression in the old comedy called *Mother Bombie*, by Lilly:

“What, do you give me the boots?” **STEEVENS.**

85. *However, but a folly—*] This love will end in a foolish action, to produce which you are long to spend your wit, or it will end in the loss of your wit, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. **JOHNSON.**

58. *At Milan,—*] The first copy has *To*. The emendation, which perhaps is not necessary, was made in the second folio. *To Milan* may have been intended as an imperfect sentence. I am now bound for Milan. **MALONE.**

71. This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe were written by Shakspere, and others interpolated by the players) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placent.* I wish I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. **POPE.**

That

That this, like many other scenes, is mean and vulgar, will be universally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players, seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism.

JOHNSON.

96. *I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton:* — J. Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because Proteus had been proving him a *sheep*. But why does he call the lady a *lac'd mutton*? Wenchess are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and consequently the object of their passion must, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton*, *Une garse, putain, fille de joie*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this passage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees s'ignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and lac'd mutton waggishly singing*. So that *lac'd mutton* has been a sort of standard phrase for *girls of pleasure*.

THEOBALD.

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1595, speaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, says, “he would not stick to extoll rotten lac'd mutton.” So, in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610: “Why here's good lac'd mutton, as I promis'd you!”

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“And I smelt he lov'd lac'd mutton well.”

Again,

Again, Heywood, in his *Love's Mistress*, 1636, speaking of Cupid, says, "He is the hero of hic-hoës, admiral of ay-me's, and monsier of mutton lac'd."

STEEVENS.

103. *Nay, in that you are astray ; —]* For the reason Protheus gives, Dr. Thirlby advises that we should read, *a stray*, i. e. a stray sheep ; which continues Protheus's banter upon Speed. THEOBALD.

From the word *astray* here, and *lost mutton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the first sentence of the General Confession in the Prayer-Book.

HENLEY.

110. —————— *did she nod ?*] These words have been supplied by some of the editors, to introduce what follows.

STEEVENS.

112. *Noddy was a game at cards.* So, in *The Lancer Temple Mask*, by Middleton, 1619 : "I leave them wholly (says Christmas) to my eldest son *Noddy*, whom, during his minority, I commit to the custody of a pair of knaves and one-and-thirty." Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656 : "Let her forbear chess and *noddy*, as games too serious." STEEVENS.

This play upon syllables, as Mr. Reed observes, is hardly worth explaining. The speakers intend to fix the name of *noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other. So, in the *Second Part of Pasquill's Mad Cappe*, 1600, sig. E.

"If such a *Noddy* be not thought a *fool*."

Again, E. 1.

"If such an asse be *noddied* for the nonce."

EDITOR.

139. —*I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.*] The authentick copy reads—*your mind*—which the editor of the second folio not understanding, altered to—*her mind*. There is clearly no need of change. The meaning is—*She being so hard to me, who was the bearer of your mind, I fear, she will prove no less so to you, when you address her in person.* The opposition is between *brought* and *telling*. MALONE.

144. —*you have testern'd me;*—] You have gratified me with a *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*, that is, with a sixpence. JOHNSON.

The old reading is *cestern'd*. This typographical error was corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

149. *Which cannot perish, &c.*] Alluding to the proverb, “He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned.” * * *.

164. —*he never should be mine*] Perhaps the insignificancy of Sir Eglamour's character is burlesqued in the following passage in Decker's *Satromastix*:

“Adieu, Sir Eglamour; adieu lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill,” &c. *Sir Eglamour of Artoys* is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, imprinted at London, in Foster-Lane, at the sygne of the Hartes-horne, by John Walley, bl. let. no date.

STEEVENS.

172. *Should censure thus, &c.*] To *censure* means, in this place, to pass sentence. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606, “Eliosto and Lleodoro were astonished

nished at such a hard censure, and went to Limbo most willingly." STEEVENS.

194. —a goodly broker!] A broker was used for a match maker, sometimes for a procurer. JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

" And file (oh file) these bed-brokers unclean,

" The monsters of our sex," &c. STEEVENS.

209. —say No, to that, &c.] A paraphrase on the old proverb, " Maids say nay, and take it." STEEVENS.

224. —stomach on your meat,] Stomach was used for passion or obstinacy. JOHNSON.

240. —Light o' love.] This tune is given in a note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 4. STEEVENS.

253. —too harsh a descant:] Descant is a term in musick. See Sir John Hawkins's note on the first speech in *King Richard III*. STEEVENS.

254. —but a mean, &c.] The mean is the tenor in musick.

So, in the interlude of *Mary Magdalen's Repentance*, 1569:

" Utilitie can sing the base full cleane,

" And noble honour shall sing the mane."

STEEVENS.

256. Indeed, I bid the base for Promes.] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the base in musick to a country exercise,

cise. *Bid the base*: in which some pursue, and others are made prisoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this to say, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus's passion.—Shakspeare uses the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“To bid the winds a base he now prepares.”

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game:

“Lads more like

“To run the country base.”

WARBURTON.

276. [written down:] To write down is still a provincial expression for to write. The editor of this edition should have changed the colon after down to a note of interrogation.

HENLEY.

295. [I see you have a month's mind to them.] A month's mind was an anniversary in times of Popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a year's mind, and a week's mind. See *Proverbial Phrases*.

This appears from the interrogatories and observations against the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. 7. “Whether there are any months' minds, and anniversaries?” STRYPE'S *Memorials of the Reformation*, Vol. II. p. 354.

“Was the month's mind of Sir Will. Laxton, who died the last month (July 1556), his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached?” &c. STRYPE'S *Mem.* Vol. III. A month's mind, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remonstrance; yet I suppose

pose this is the true original of the expression. JOHNSON.

In Hampshire, and other western counties, for "I can't remember it," they say, "I can't mind it." BLACKSTONE.

Pottenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24, speaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, says, they were chiefly used "at the burials of the dead, also at month's minds, and longer times;" and in the church-warden's accompts of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, 1558, these month's minds, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Instead of month's minds, they are sometimes called month's monuments, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. memories, Injunct. 21. By memories, says Fuller, we understand the *Obsequia for the dead*, which some say succeeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*.

If this line was designed for a verse, we should read—monthes mind. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Swifter than the moones sphere."

Both these are the Saxon genitive case. STEVENS.

299. —what sad talk—] Sad is the same as grave or serious. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1698.

"Marry, sir knight, I saw them in sad talk,

"But to say they were directly whispering," &c. Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"The king feigneth to talk sadly with some of his counsel." STEVENS.

308. *Some, to discover islands far away;*] In Shakspere's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the Fortescues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickering, Littletons, Willoughbys, Chesters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARBURTON

314. *—great impeachment to his age,*] *Impeachment is hindrance.*

but could be glad

"Without impeachment to march on to Calais."

STEEVENS.

326. *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] Shakspere has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and

removeable at their pleasure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play, STEEVENS.

343. — *in good time* —] *In good time* was the old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, as the French say, *à propos*.

So, in King Richard III. It is about
time And, in good time, here comes the sweating
lord." STEEVENS.

368. — exhibition] i. e. allowance.

So, in *Othello*: "Due reference of place and exhibition."

—This battle is lost by the side of Stevens.

383. *Oh, how this spring of love resembleth.]* It was not always the custom among our early writers, to make the first and third lines rhyme to each other;

and when a word was not long enough to complete the measure, they occasionally extended it. Thus Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 12.

“Formerly grounded, and fast setteled.”

Again, B. II. c. 12.

"The while sweet Zephyrus loud whistled

"His treble, a strange kind of harmony;

"Which Guyon's senses softly tickled," &c.

From this practice, I suppose, our author wrote
resembleth, which, though it affords no jingle, com-
pletes the verse.) Many poems have been written in
this measure where the second and fourth lines only
rhime; and I extract most of them from STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 2. **V**AL. *Not mine; my gloves are on.* Speed. *Why then, this may be your's; for this is but one.*] It appears from this passage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *ans.* Hence, probably, the mistake in a passage in *K. John*, where we meet in the old copy, “—sound on unto the drowsy,” &c. instead of “—sound *one*,” &c.

The quibble here is lost by the change of pronunciation; a loss, however, which may be very patiently endured.

MALONE.

24. ——*takes diet*; ——] To *take diet* was the phrase for being under a regimen for a disease mentioned in *Timon*:

“ ——bring down the rose-cheek'd youth

“ To the tub-fast and *the diet*.” STEEVENS.

25. ——*Hallowmas.* ——] This is about the feast of All Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable.

JOHNSON.

Is it worth remarking that on *All-Saints-Day* the poor people in Staffordshire, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a soul-ing*, as they call it, i.e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's Dict. explains *puling*) for *soul cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry? This custom is mentioned by *Peck*, and seems a remnant of Popish

superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends. The *soul's* song in *Staffordshire*, is different from that which Mr. *Peck* mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. **TOLLET.**

37. — *none else would* : —] None else would be so simple. **JOHNSON.**

93. *Oh excellent motion!* &c.] *Motion*, in Shakspere's time, signified *puppet*. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair* it is frequently used in that sense, or rather perhaps to signify a *puppet-show*; the master whereof may properly be said to be an *interpreter*, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice, and he means to say, that *Silvia* is a *puppet*, and that *Valentine* is to interpret to, or rather for her. **Sir J. HAWKINS.**

So, in *The City Match*, 1630, by Jasper Maine :

“ — his mother came,

“ Who follows strange sights out of town, and
went

“ To Brentford for a *motion*.” —

Again, in *The Pilgrim* :

“ — Nothing but a *motion* ?

“ A *puppet* pilgrim ?” —

STEEVENS.

100. *Sir Valentine and servant*, —] Here *Silvia* calls her lover *servant*, and again below her *gentle servant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakspere wrote.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in Marston's *What You Will*, 1607 :

“ Sweet

"Sweet sister, let's sit in judgment a little;
faith upon my servant Monsieur Laverdure.

Mel. Troth, well for a servant, but for a husband!"
Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Every man was not born with my servant Brisk's
features." STEEVENS.

108. — 'tis very clerkly done.] i. e. like a scholar.
So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Thou art clerkly, Sir John, clerkly?" STEEVENS.

109. — it came hardly off;] That is, was not
written with facility.

143. — reasoning with yourself?] That is, dis-
coursing, talking. An Italianism. JOHNSON.

161. — and there is an end.] i. e. there is the
conclusion of the matter. So, in *Macbeth*:

" — a time has been
That when the brains were out, the man would
die,

"And there an end." — STEEVENS.

169. All this I speak in print; —] *In print* means
with exactness.

So, in the comedy of *All Fools*, 1605:

" — not a hair
About his bulky, but it stands in print." STEEVENS.

219. — I am the dog: — &c.] A similar thought
occurs in a play printed earlier than the present. See
A Christian turn'd Turk, 1612;

" — you

" — you shall stand for the lady, you for her dog, and I the page; you and the dog looking one upon another; the page presents himself." first and following

STEEVENS.

220. — *I am the dog, &c.*] This passage is much confused, and of confusion the present reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog, himself is and I am me, the dog is the dog, and I am myself*. This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy. first and following JOHNSON.

225. — *like a wood woman!* —] The first folios agree in *would-woman*: for which, because it was a mystery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood woman*, *i. e.* crazy, frantick with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *wood*, sometimes *wode*. first and following THEOBALD.

Print thus:

Now come I to my mother (oh, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman:

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading: (oh, that the shoe could speak now!) first and following

BLACKSTONE.

Oh that she could speak now like a wood woman!] I am not certain that I understand this passage. *Wood*, or crazy women, were anciently supposed to be able to tell fortunes. *Launce* may therefore mean, that as

her

her gestures are those of frantick persons, so he wishes she was possessed of their other powers, and could predict his fate. 'Or should we point the line as interrupted?

Oh, that she could speak now!—like a wood woman's meaning, I wish she could speak—but she behaves as if she were out of her senses!

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope's emendation I believe to be the true one. It is less violent than Theobald's, and less embarrassing.—Launce had before substituted a *shoe* for his mother; the meaning of his wish therefore is: "O that *she* (that is, the *shoe* which represents her), could speak, like an *old woman*!" In the north, *she* is pronounced like *shoe*, and to this there seems to have been an allusion.

HENLEY.

235. *if the ty'd were lost, &c.*] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by Shakspere from Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591:

" You know it is said, the *tide* tarrieth for no

man.—

" True.

" A monstrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours,
and tarried for one to unlose me."

The same occurs in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614: [A famous book in six vols. by John Chapman, 1614.]

" And now came roaring to the *tide* the *tide*."

STEEVENS.

248. *Lose the tide, ——*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—the *flood*.

STEEVENS.

249. ——*and the tide?*] I should suppose these three words to be repeated through some error of the Printer. STEEVENS.

275. ——*how quote you my folly?*] To quote is to observe.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not quoted him.” STEEVENS.

315. ——*not without desert*] And not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit.

JOHNSON.

344. ——*cite* —— *j. i. e. incite*: MALONE.

375. *No; that you are worthless.*] I have inserted the particle *no*, to fill up the measure. JOHNSON.

I believe the particle which Dr. Johnson has inserted to supply the metre of this line, is unnecessary, *worthless* having been probably used, like many other words of the same kind, as a trisyllable. *Thus tickling, changeling, humbled, juggling*, and many more. MALONE.

403. ——*no woe to his correction,*] No misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, saying, *None to them, None to them.* JOHNSON.

The same idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

“ There is no comfort in the world

“ To women that are kind.”

MALONE.

418. *principality*,] The first or *principal* of women. So the old writers use *state*. *ad* “She is a lady, a great state.” Latymer. “This look is called in states warlike, in others otherwise.” Sir T. More.

JOHNSON.

There is a similar sense of this word in St. Paul’s Epistle to the Romans, viii. 38, “nor angels nor *principalities*.” *mid lesson 10A* STEEVENS.

429. *summer-smelling flower*,] I once thought that the poet had written *summer-swelling*; but the epithet which stands in the text I have since met with in the translation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, B. VIII. p. 354.

“no Roman chieftaine should

“Come near to Nyles Pelusian mould,

“But shun that *summer-swelling* shore.”

The original is, “*ripasque astate tumentes*,” l. 829. May likewise renders it *summer-smelled* banks. The *summer-swelling* flower is the flower which swells in summer, till it expands itself into bloom.

STEEVENS.

434. *She is alone*.] She stands by herself. There is none to be compared to her. *ad not be* JOHNSON.

460. *Even as one heat another heat expels*,

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author seems here to have remembered *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1562:

“And

“ And as out of a planke *tayle a nayle a nayle doth drive,*

“ *So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.*”

So also in *Coriolanus* :

“ One fire drives out one fire ; one nail one nail.”

MALONE.

469. —a waxen image *'gainst a fire,*] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy.

STEVENS.

King James ascribes these images to the devil in his treatise of Daemonologie: “ to some others at these times he teacheth how to make pictures of waxe, or claye, that by the roasting thereof the persons that they bear the name of, may be continually melted, and dried away by continual sicknessse.” See Servius on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, Theocritus Idyl. ii. 22. Hudibras, P. II. l. ii. v. 331.

S. W.

475. —with more advice,] With more advice, is on further knowledge, on better consideration. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax.”

The word, as Mr. Malone observes, is still current among mercantile people, whose constant language is, “ we are advised by letters from abroad,” meaning informed. So in bills of exchange the conclusion always is—“ Without further advice.” So, in this very play :

“ This

"This pride of hers, upon *advice*," &c.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Yet did repent me after more *advice*."

STEEVENS.

477. 'Tis but her *picture*—] Protheus, as yet, had seen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"All of her, that is, *out of door*, most rich!

"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 1.

"Praise her but for this her *without-door* form."

STEEVENS.

478. *And that hath dazzled so my reason's light*:] So, a word as hurtful to the sense, as unnecessary to the metre, was introduced by the editor of the second folio; who did not perceive that *dazzled* was used as a trisyllable. The authentick copy should certainly be adhered to; and a semicolon placed after *light*. The plain meaning is, *Her mere outside hath dazzled me*;—when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I shall be struck blind.

MALONE.

484. It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on act iii.

POPE.

509. *My staff understands me*.] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, B. VI.

"—The terms we sent were terms of weight,

"Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,

C

"And

“ And stagger’d many ; who receives them right,
 “ Had need from head to foot well *understand* ;
 “ Not *understood*, this gift they have besides,
 “ To shew us when our foes stand not upright.”

JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs likewise in the second part of the *Three Merry Coblers*, an ancient ballad :

“ Our work doth th’ owners *understand*,
 “ Thus still we are on the mending hand.”

STEEVENS.

535. —— *so* ; ——] Added in the second folio.

MALONE.

539. —— *the ale-house* ——] The old copy reads only the *ale* ; and *Ales* were merry meetings instituted in country places. Thus Ben Jonson :

“ And all the neighbourhood, from old records
 “ Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitson lords,
 “ And their authorities at wakes and *ales*,
 “ With country precedents and old wives tales,
 “ We bring you now.”

STEEVENS.

542. It is to be observed, that, in the first folio edition, the only edition of authority, there are no directions concerning the scenes ; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of Protheus is so proper in the street.

JOHNSON.

548. *O sweet-suggesting love,—*] To suggest is to tempt, in our author's language. So again :

“Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested.” The sense is, *O tempting love, if thou hast influenced me to sin, teach me to excuse it.* Dr. Warburton reads, *if I have sinn'd*; but, I think, not only without necessity, but with less elegance. JOHNSON.

576. *Myself—*] Who am his competitor or rival, being admitted to his counsel. JOHNSON.

Competitor is confederate, assistant, partner.
So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“It is not Cæsar's natural vice, to hate

“One great competitor.”

And he is speaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. STEEVENS.

578. —*pretended flight* ;] Pretended flight is proposed or intended flight. So, in *Macbeth* :

“—What good could they pretend?”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed cites also from De Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542, sign. H 3, “*I pretend to return and come round about thorow other regyons on Europ.*”

EDITOR.

584. I suspect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin in the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

637. —*with a cod-piece, &c.*] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress,

C ij may

may consult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed. Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shewn as John of Gaunt's, in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France. See Montaigne, Chap. XXII. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency, was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by authority.

STEEVENS.

638. Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. Percy observes, that this interjection is still used in the North. It seems to have the same meaning as *apage*, Lat.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, act iii. sc. 6.

“Out, out, unworthy to speak where he breatheth.”

REED.

669. ——my longing journey.] Dr. Grey observes, that *longing* is a participle active, with a passive signification; for *longed*, wished or desired. STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 28. —*JEALOUS* aim—] *Aim* is guess, in this instance, as in the following. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.”

STEEVENS.

45. ——*be not aim'd at;*] Be not guessed.

JOHNSON.

47. ——*of this pretence.*] Of this *claim* made to your daughter.

JOHNSON.

Pretence is *design*. So, in *King Lear*: “——to feel my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger.”

Again, in the same play: “——*pretence* and purpose of unkindness.” STEEVENS.

81. ——*sir, in Milan, here,*] It ought to be thus, instead of—in *Verona, here*—for the scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. A like mistake had crept into the fifth scene of act ii. where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

86. ——*the fashion of the time—*] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies.

JOHNSON.

89. *Win her with gifts, &c-*] An earlier writer than Shakspere, speaking of women, has the same unfavourable (and, I hope, unfounded) sentiment:

“ ‘Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails,

“ When deep persuasive oratory fails.”

Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

MALONE.

113. *What lets,—*] *i. e.* what hinders.

So, in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

“ By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.” STEEVENS.

149. —for they are sent by me,] For is the same as for that, since. JOHNSON.

150. —would—] Should, first folio.

MALONE.

153. —Merops' son,)] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terrae filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached. JOHNSON.

This scrap of mythology Shakspere might have found in the spurious play of *King John*, 1591, 1611, and 1622 :

“ —as sometime *Phaëton*

“ Mistrusting silly *Merops* for his sire.”

STEEVENS.

177. And feed upon the shadow of perfection]

“ *Animum pictura pascit inani.*” Virg.

HENLEY.

185. *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:*] To fly his doom, used for by flying, or in flying, is a Galliçism. The sense is, By avoiding the execution of his sentence, I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy myself. JOHNSON.

250. Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ *These to her excellent white bosom,*” &c.

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *address of letters to the bosom of a mistress* can be understood, it should be known that

women

women anciently had a pocket in the fore-part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money, and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the rustick damsels still observe the same practice; and a very old lady informs me, that she remembers when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays, it was no less the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them.

STEEVENS.

261. Laun. *I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.]* I know not whether, in Shakspere's language, *one knave* may not signify a *knave on only one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double villain* for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt.

JOHNSON.

In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, *Aristippus* declares of *Carisophus*, "you lose money by him if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves for *twayne*."

This phraseology is often met with: *Arragon* says in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"With *one fool's head* I came to woo,

"But I go away with *two*."

Donne begins one of his sonnets:

"I am *two fools*, I know,

"For loving and for saying so," &c.

And when *Panurge* cheats *St. Nicholas* of the chapel which he vowed to him in a storm, *Rabelais* calls

him

him “a rogue—a rogue and an half—Le gallant, gallant de demy.”

STEEVENS.

265. ——*a team of horse shall not pluck*—] I see how Valentine suffers for telling his love-secrets, therefore I will keep mine close.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Launce was not intended to shew so much sense; but here indulges himself in talking contradictory nonsense.

STEEVENS.

268. ——*for she hath had gossips* :—] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident.

STEEVENS.

271. ——*a bare Christian*.] Launce is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. In *Coriolanus* it is used in the first:

“ ‘Tis but a *bare* petition of the state.”

Launce uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water-s spaniel *cover’d with hairs of remarkable thickness*.

STEEVENS.

273. ——*conditions*—] *i. e.* qualities. The old copy has *condition*.

MALONE.

280. In former editions it is,

With my mastership? why, it is at sea.] For how does Launce mistake the word? Speed asks him about his mastership, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his mastership at sea, and on shore too? The addition of a letter and a note of apostrophe makes Launce both mistake the word, and sets the pun right: it restores, indeed, but a mean joke; but without

without it there is no sense in the passage. Besides, it is in character with the rest of the scene; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit.

THEOBALD.

290. —*the son of thy grandmother:*] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I suppose Launce infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well known observation.

STEEVENS.

294. —*St. Nicholas be thy Speed!*] St Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks*. Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The First Part of Henry the Fourth*, are called *Nicholas's clerks*.

WARBURTON.

That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. For by the statutes of Paul's school, there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The reason I take to be, that the legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1598: "Me-thinks this fellow speaks like bishop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas's night commonly the scholars of the country make them a bishop, who, like a foolish boy, goeth about blessing and preaching with such childish terms, as maketh the people laugh at his foolish counterfeit speeches."

STEEVENS.

295. *Speed. Imprimis, She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.] These two speeches should evidently be omitted. There is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the rest in the same dialogue, but Launce clearly directs Speed to go on with the paper where he himself left off. See his preceding soliloquy.

FARMER.

298. —*Blessing o' your heart, &c.]* So, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*:

“Our ale's o' the best,

“And each good guest

“Prays for their souls that brew it.”

STEEVENS.

304. —*knit him a stock.]* i. e. stocking. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“—it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock.”

STEEVENS.

317. —*she is not to be kiss'd fasting,—]* The old copy reads,—*she is not to be fasting, &c.* The necessary word, *kiss'd*, was first added by Mr. Rowe.

STEEVENS.

321. —*sweet mouth.]* This I take to be the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats.

JOHNSON.

How a *luxurious desire of dainties* can make amends for *offensive breath*, I know not: I rather believe that by a *sweet mouth* is meant that she *sings sweetly*. In *Twelfth Night* we have heard of a *sweat breast* as the recommendation of a singer. It may however mean

a liquorish

a liquorish mouth, in a wanton sense. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Their sawcy sweetness that do coin heaven’s image,” &c. STEEVENS.

339. —praise her liquor.] That is, shew how well she likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

342. —She is too liberal.] *Liberal* is licentious and gross in language. So, in *Othello*: “ Is he not a profane and very liberal counsellor ? ” JOHNSON.

So, in *The Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605, bl. let.

“ But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,

“ Did give her scandalous ignoble terms.”

Mr. Malone adds another instance from *Woman’s a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612.

“ Next that the fame

“ Of your neglect and *liberal* talking tongue,

“ Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong.”

STEEVENS.

347. —She hath more hair than wit,—] An old English proverb. See Ray’s Collection:

“ Bush natural, more hair than wit.”

Again, in Decker’s *Satromastix*:

“ Hair! ’tis the basest stubble ; in scorn of it

“ This proverb sprung—He has more hair than wit.”

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631 :

“ Now is the old proverb really perform’d,

“ More hair than wit.” STEEVENS.

361. —makes the faults gracious :] *Gracious*, in old language means *graceful*. So, in *King John*:

“ There

“ There was not such a gracious creature born.”

Again, in *Albion’s Triumph*, 1633: *as wide as*

“ On which (thee freeze) were set upon several fruits in their natural colours, on which in gracious postures lay children sleeping.” *as wide as* of now.

Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: *as wide as*

“ The most exquisite, &c. that ever made an old lady gracious by torch-light.” *as wide as* STEEVENS.

385. Trenched in ice; —] Cut, carved, in ice.

Trancher, to cut, French. *as wide as* JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Faversham*, 1698: *as wide as*

“ Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow.” *as wide as* STEEVENS.

403. —do—] Added in the second folio.

MALONE.

414. —with circumstance, —] With the addition of such incidental particulars, as may induce belief. *as wide as* JOHNSON.

419. —his very friend.] *Kery* is immediate. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ And the very points they blow.” STEEVENS.

429. —as you unwind her loo——] As you wind off her love from him, make me the bottom on which you wind it. The housewife’s term for a ball of thread wound upon a central bddy, is a *bottom of thread*. *as wide as* JOHNSON.

446. —lime, —] That is, birdlime. *as wide as* JOHNSON.

454. —such integrity; —] Such integrity means, such as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines. *as wide as* STEEVENS.

455.

455. *For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;*] This shews Shakspere's knowledge of antiquity. He here assigns Orpheus his true character of legislator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisitely beautiful. For by his *lute* is to be understood his *system of laws*; and by the *poets' sinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in those laws, to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.

WARBURTON.

460. *Visit by night your lady's chamber window,*
With some sweet concert: to their instruments,
&c.] The old copy reads :

With some sweet consort—

I believe, rightly. The words immediately following, “—to their instruments,” shew, I think, that by *consort* was meant, band or company of musicians. So, in Massinger’s *Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, 1632 :

“ Rom. By your leave, sirs !

“ Aym. Are you a *consort* ?

“ Rom. Do you take me for a *fidler* ?”

Again, in our author’s *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Tyb. Mercutio, thou *consort’st* with Romeo.

“ Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us *minstrels*? ”

Thurio’s next speech confirms this interpretation :

“ Let us into the city presently,

“ To *sort* some gentlemen well skill’d in *musick*. ”

MALONE.

462. *Tune a deploring dump;*—**J.** A dump was the ancient term for a mournful elegy. **STEEVENS.**

464. —*will inherit her.*] To inherit is, by our author, sometimes used, as in this instance, for to obtain possession of, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ He that had wit would think that I had none,

“ To bury so much gold under a tree,

“ And never after to inherit it.” **STEEVENS.**

469. *To sort*—] *i. e.* to choose out what may best suit a particular occasion. So, in *K. Richard III.*

“ Yet I will sort a pitchy hour for thee.”

STEEVENS.

475. —*I will pardon you.*] I will excuse you from waiting. **JOHNSON.**

ACT IV.

Line 4. *If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed the passage. Paltry as the opposition between stand and sit may be thought, it is Shakspere's own. The editors read—We'll make you, *sir*, &c. **STEEVENS.**

Sir, is the corrupt reading of the third folio.

MALONE.

37. *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen.

JOHNSON.

So, in *A mery Geste of Robyn Hoode*, &c. bl. let. no date:

“ These byshoppes and these archebyshoppes,

“ Ye shall them beate and bynde,” &c.

By *Robia Hood's fat friar*. I believe, Shakspere means *Friar Tuck*, who was confessor and companion to this noted out-law.

So, in one of the old songs of *Robin Hood*:

“ And of brave Little John,

“ Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,

“ Stokesly and Maid Marian.”

Again, in the 26th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ Of *Tuck the merry friar*, which many a sermon made,

“ In praise of Robin Hoode, his outlawes, and his trade.”

See Figure III. in the plate at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it.

STEEVENS.

47. —awful men:] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities.

JOHNSON.

I think we should read *lawful* in opposition to *lawless* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this sense.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

The author of *The Revisal* has proposed the same emendation.

STEEVENS.

Awful is used by Shakspere, in another place, in the sense of *lawful*. Second part of *Henry IV.* act iv. sc. 2.

“We come within our *awful* banks again.”

TYRWHITT.

Surely, *awful*, in the passage produced by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is an error of the press. I cannot help thinking the same also of the word introduced into the text here.

The old reading, however, may perhaps receive some support from a passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612 :

“It is a wonder to your noble friends

“That you—

“—should in your prime age

“Neglect your *awful* throne.”

MALONE.

I believe we should read—*lawful* men—i.e. *legales homines*. So, in the *Newe Boke of Justices*, 1560, “—commandinge him to the same to make an in-quest and pannel of *lawfull* men of his countie.” For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

Annotations on —— STEEVENS.

Awful men means men well-governed, observant of law and authority; full of, or subject to awe. In the same kind of sense as we use *fearful*.

REMARKS.

50. All the impressions, from the first downwards, *An heir and niece allied unto the duke*. But our poet would never have expressed himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly sufficiently included

cluded in the first term. Our author meant to say, she was an heiress, and near allied to the duke; an expression the most natural that can be for the purpose, and very frequently used by the stage poets.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald is often unfaithful in his account of the old copies. The first folio does not read, *An heir, &c.*, but exhibits the line thus,

And heir and neece alide unto the duke.

I believe Shakspere wrote,

An heir, and near ally'd unto the duke.

Near was anciently spelt *neere*; so that there is only the variation of one letter—*An* was altered to *an* in the third folio.

MALONE.

52. *Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.]* *Mood* means a **fit** of *passion*. Thus Dryden:

"Madness laughing in his iresful mood."

Gray: "Mady, madness, laughing, wild." HENLEY.

59. *in our quality.]* *Quality* is *nature* relatively considered. STEEVENS.

59. *no outrages*

On silly women, or poor passengers.] This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government.

REMARKS. STEEVENS.

88. *Big-witted sudden grins.]* That is, hasty passionate repartees and scoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred sense *big-witted* *sudden* *grin*; that is, irascible and impetuous, but *big-witted*. JOHNSON.

111. *the fairest certainy sufficienly in-
clude*

The

The same expression is used by Dr. Wilson in his *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "And make him at his wit's end through the sudden quip." **MALONE.**

122. ——beauty lives with kindness:] Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed, and undelightful. **JOHNSON.**

153. ——out of all nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies. **WARBURTON.**

So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632.

"I have carried

"The tallies at my girdle seven years together,

"For I did ever love to deal honestly in the same." As it is an inn-keeper who employs the allusion, it is much in character. **STEEVENS.**

173. You have your wish; my will is even this:] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wishes to gain her *will*: she tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. **JOHNSON.**

194. ——in his grave.] The first folio has *her* grave. This necessary emendation made in the second folio. **MALONE.**

210. But, since your falsehood, shall become you well.] This is hardly sense. We may read with very little alteration, But since you're *false*, it shall become you well. **JOHNSON.**

There is no occasion for any alteration, if we only suppose that it is understood here, as in several other places, But, when a wife writes to her

But,

But, since your falsehood, shall become you well
and To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
i.e. But, since your falsehood, it shall become you
well, &c. &c. BECKH. [i.e. much like a evil word—]

Or indeed, in this place, To worship shadows, &c.
may be considered as the nominative case to shall
become. [i.e. its known [i.e. to me]—] TYRWHITT.
I incline strongly to Dr. Johnson's emendation.
Falsehood and false it, when indistinctly pronounced,
are so like, that the transcriber's ear might easily
have deceived him. MALONE.

“I am very loth, says Silvia, to be your idol; but
since your falsehood to your friend and mistress will
become you to worship shadows, and adore false
shapes (i.e. will be properly employed in so doing),
send to me, and you shall have my picture.”

REMARKS.

1237.—*hallidom*, i.e. my holy dame; our lady.
JOHNSON.

REMARKS.

1239.—*your ladyship's impose*,] *Impose* is injunction, command. A task set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an *imposition*. STEEVENS.

1247.—*Remorseful*, i.e. pitiful. STEEVENS.

1245.—*Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, page 401, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life,

to

to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists; and therefore this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour should be drest; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character. STEEVENS.

261. —grievances;] Sorrows, sorrowful affections. JOHNSON.

264. Recking as little—] To reck is to care for. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ And recks not his own read.”

Both Chaucer and Spenser use this word with the same signification. STEEVENS.

283. —keep himself;] i. e. restrain himself.

STEEVENS.

285. —to be a dog;] I believe we should read, I would have, &c. one that takes upon him to be a dog, to be a dog indeed, to be, &c. JOHNSON.

293. —a pissing while;] This expression is used in Ben Jonson's *Magnetick Lady*; “ —have patience but a pissing while.” It appears from Ray's Collection, that it is proverbial. STEEVENS.

298. The fellows that whips the dogs:—] This appears to have been part of the office of an usher of the table. So, in *Mucedorus*:

“ —I'll prove my office good; for look you, &c. —When a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him good time of the day, and strew rushes presently.” STEEVENS.

298. the fellows that whips the dogs 803.

303. their servant? —] The old copy reads,

his servant? — STEEVENS.

309. madam Silvia; —] Perhaps we should read, of madam Julia. It was Julia only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. STEEVENS.

328. the other squirrel, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, — the other, Squirrel, &c. and consequently makes Squirrel the proper name of the beast. Perhaps Launce only speaks of it as a diminutive animal, more resembling a squirrel in size, than a dog.

STEEVENS.

335. an end, —] i. e. in the end, at the conclusion of every business he undertakes.

STEEVENS.

343. thou, —] The first folio reads thee.

MALONE.

347. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token :] Protheus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it,

It seems you lov'd her not, not leave her token.
I should correct it thus :

It seems you lov'd her not, nor love her token.

JOHNSON.

To leave, seems to be here used for, to part with.
It is used with equal licence, in a former place in this play, for to cease.

I leave to be,

If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd.

The

The reading in the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

376. *To carry that, which I would have refus'd;*] The sense is, To go and present that which I wish to be not accepted, to praise him whom I wish to be dispraised. JOHNSON.

427. *But since she did neglect her looking-glass,*
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And PINCH'D the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I. To starve the roses is certainly a very proper expression; but what is pinching a tincture? However, starved, in the third line, made the blundering editors write pinch'd in the fourth: though they might have seen that it was a tanning, scorching, not a freezing air that was spoken of. For how could this latter quality in the air so affect the whiteness of the skin as to turn it black? We should read,

And PITCH'D the lily-tincture of her face.
i. e. turned the white tincture black, as the following line has it:

That now she is become as black as I;
 and we say, in common speech, as black as pitch.—By the roses being starv'd, is only meant their being withered, and losing their colour. WARBURTON.

This is no emendation; none ever heard of a face being pitched by the weather. The colour of a part pinched, is livid, as it is commonly termed, black and blue. The weather may therefore be justly said to pinch,

pinch, when it produces the same visible effect. I believe this is the reason why the cold is said to *pinch*.

JOHNSON.

Cleopatra says of herself,

"I that am with Phœbus' pinches black."

STEEVENS.

440. ——*weep a-good,*] i. e. in good earnest.
Tout de bon, Fr.

STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"And therewithal their knees have rankled so,
"That I have laugh'd *a-good.*"

MALONE.

466. *I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.*] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before wigs were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for east gentlewomen, of *periwig-making*: let your wife set up in the Strand."

STEEVENS.

468. ——*her forehead's low;*—] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So, in *The History of Guy of Warwick*: Felice his lady is said to have *the same high forehead as Venus.*

JOHNSON.

470. ——*respective*—] i. e. *respectful*, or *respectable*.

STEEVENS.

476. *My substance shall be statue in thy stead.*] This word is used without the article *a* in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:

"It was your beauty
"That turn'd me statue."

And again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th Æneid :

" And Trojan statue throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian* :

" —try the virtue of that Gorgon face,

" To stare me into statue."

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 12. —**SURE** enough.] *Sure* is safe, out of danger. JOHNSON.

24. "Black men are pearls, &c.] So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

" —a black complexion

" Is always precious in a woman's eye."

Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*: " —but to make every black slovenly cloud a pearl in her eye."

STEEVENS.

" A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

25. Jul. 'Tis true, &c.] This speech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given in the old copy to Thurio. Mr. Rowe restored it to its proper owner.

STEEVENS.

41. *That they are out by lease.*] I suppose he means, because Thurio's folly has let them on disadvantageous terms. STEEVENS.

91. ——record *my woes.*] To record anciently signified to sing. So, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——O sweet, sweet! how the birds record
nothing, too?”

Again, in a pastoral, by N. Breton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Sweet philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly
throat,

“ Doth now, alas! not once afford recording of
a note.”

Again, in another *Dittie*, by Tho. Watson, *ibid.*

“ Now birds record with harmonie.”

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to record is a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing. STEEVENS.

108. ——*my meed*—] *i. e.* reward. STEEVENS.

128. *O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd.*] Approv'd is felt, experienced. MALONE.

156. *Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand*] The first copy has not *own*, which was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

The second folio, to complete the metre, reads:

Who shall be trusted now, when one's right
hand, &c. MALONE.

160. *The private wound, &c.*] I have a little mended the measure. The old edition, and all but Sir T. Hanmer, read,

E The

The private wound is deepest, oh time most accurst!

JOHNSON.

173. *All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.]* It is, I think, very odd to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alleged. But our author probably followed the stories just as he found them in his novels, as well as histories. POPE.

This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakspere; for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so much out of character, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made. HANMER.

Valentine, from seeing Silvia in the company of Protheus, might conceive she had escaped with him from her father's court, for the purposes of love, though she could not foresee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had seduced her under the pretences of an honest passion. If Valentine, however, be supposed to hear all that passed between them in this scene, I am afraid I have only to subscribe to the opinions of my predecessors.

STEEVENS.

173. ——*I give thee.]* Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's speech in page 95, and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Protheus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening

ing too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouement, which shews that, if it be Shakspere's (which I cannot doubt), it was one of his very early performances.

BLACKSTONE.

194. *How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *cleft the root on't.* JOHNSON.

197. —*if shame live*] That is, *if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.* JOHNSON.

220. —*the measure*—] The length of my sword, the reach of my anger. JOHNSON.

222. *Milan shall not behold thee.*—] All the editions, *Verona shall not hold thee.* But, whether through the mistake of the first editors, or the poet's own carelessness, this reading is absurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milanese; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Besides, the scene is betwixt the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these circumstances, I ventured to adjust the text, as I imagine the poet must have intended; *i. e.* *Milan, thy country shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.*

THEOBALD.

236. Should not this begin a new sentence?

Plead is the same as *plead thou.* TYRWHITT.

So I have printed it. STEEVENS.

253. —*include all jars*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *conclude.* JOHNSON.

To *include* is to *shut up*, to *conclude*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—and

" — and shut up
" In measureless content."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 9.

" And for to shut up all in friendly love."

STEEVENS.

THE END.



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